

HOW TO BE A PLAYBOY ON \$50 A WEEK!

MARCH/DOO

Jem

THE MAGAZINE FOR MASTERFUL MEN

WOMEN OVERRATE SEX

SWEETHEARTS FOR RENT

PICKING UP A DAME—LATEST STYLE

MARCH

JEM

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A close-up, artistic photograph of a woman's back and shoulder, covered in white soap suds. She is looking down and to the side. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color.

Jem

The Magazine For
Masterful Men.

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"Honey, you want somepin' good? You just sign on the dotted line and you'll have little ol' me between the covers—the covers of **JEM** and **MONSIEUR!** and the price is low-w-w..."



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JEM IT DOWN THEIR THROATS!

WHEN JEM's valiant editors embarked on their vital new policy of *Caveat Feminae*—"Let the Women Beware" (or is it *Feminae emptore?*)—they knew not what monster they had loosed! At once the females of the world united and, in effect, declared war on JEM.

They don't have a chance. Even if we are too weak to fight our own battles (hah!) there appears to be a "fifth column" on our side, a sizable section of the females' ranks that, seeing the handwriting on the bedroom walls, have cast their lot with us. Here is a typical letter:

Dear Editor: At last! Someone has found the guts to tell the American men off. I think I speak for the majority of American women when I say it's about time! We girls are tired of the wishy-washy sex attitudes of the men—we want to be possessed by them, not vice versa. Men have made us dominant (those of us who are) simply because they're too weak, or too uneducated, to dominate us! Your August editorial should be framed and hung in the master bedroom of every American home. And then maybe it would be a master bedroom!

Thankfully,

Mrs. (Name Withheld on request)

That was typical, yes—but it wasn't the best letter we received. The best, unfortunately, we can't publish. But here's another gratifyingly good one:

Dear Mr. Kyle: You darling man you, you've set the sex life of my husband and me on an even keel—a thing that neither doctors, marriage counselors, or sexology manuals could do in a dozen years. On the brink of divorce—or, at least, a knock-down-drag-out fight—my husband picked up a copy of JEM last month. He didn't lay it down again until he'd finished reading it, and when he did there was a new fire in his eye. Well, sir, up until that time I had to be the aggressive one when it came to after-TV activities, and I was getting mighty sick of this unnatural reversed-role proceeding. But, along came JEM, and—Now? Wow!

*Faithfully (from now on)
Joanne Denham
Chicago, Illinois*

We could go on and on (and so, apparently, could Joanne) but this sampling of the flood of mail we have been happily reading should serve to convince all "wishy-washy" males that their partners are lined with us in the battle against masculine ineptness, inefficiency, indirectness and indolence. Not all our female readers agree, let us add—at least, not out loud. Our staff psychologist tells us, however, that every normal woman does! Which leaves this country in pretty sad shape with about fifty million sub-normal women.

But don't worry—we'll get around to them! Or, at any rate, their husbands will, if they keep reading JEM!

*You don't need a lot of dough —
you just need know-how,
an average paycheck —
and YOU can . . .*

BE A PLAYBOY ON \$50.00 PER WEEK!

by ALLEN CAMELLI

WHENEVER the average Joe thinks of a playboy his mind conjures up images of guys like Tommy Manville, Rafael Trujillo, Jr., Ali Khan, Rubirosa, etc. Guys who are loaded with loot and quite willing to lavish a little of it on a lass for a night of love.

The average guy associates playboys with money. Lots of money. The kind of money that can buy minks and diamonds and sports cars; orchids and pheasant under glass and champagne.

He then thinks of the kind of dolls these guys attract. Worldly women like Ava Gardner, Rita Hayworth, Elizabeth Taylor, Gina Lollopuzzi. And then, after thinking about it, and with his mouth watering, he looks into his wallet, finds enough for a belt of bourbon at the local bistro and heads there hoping to find Ava Gardner perched on the next bar stool.

Of course, the possibility is remote — but suppose, just suppose, the adorable Ava did have her delicious derriere draped over the next stool. And suppose (Continued on page 66)





HEART WARMER

This little lass
is not so dumb:
She's warming up
for what's to come.
Her cheeks are flushed
— her face is red —
It's "Bottoms Up,"
— and then to bed!

(To show just how
she's predisposed:
The Southern flank
is quite exposed!)





You wanna help
her to unlace?
—Go poking in
that fireplace?
Persuade her not
to act so coy:
It's fun to spread
a little joy!





The bed — you'd never guess
it's true —
Is sometimes used
for sleeping, too.
(Its other attributes,
we fear,
Can't be delineated
here.)



Our sleepless heroine
persists
In yearning, while she
turns and twists.
A cover-girl,
she will not cease
Until she's on
a frontispiece.





To gain this end,
she'll pet and purr
With any photo
editor!





*The most hilarious yarn
about a G.I. trapped in a WAC
barracks you've ever read.
And it could happen, too.*

LOOK AT THIS, PRIVATE HARKOFF!

A Satirical Jern by R. B. APOIAN

IN order to understand fully *what* happened to me you have to know *why* it happened. Actually it all came out during the Congressional investigation but never reached the newspapers because the Secretary of the Army said, and I quote, "Any S. O. B. who prints one single word about this assuifed affair, I'll personally castrate him with a rusty spoon!"

The reason I can tell it now is that my third and last army hitch is about to end. By the time this is printed I'll be a civilian.

(Continued on page 50)

Do you know how an advertisement is prepared? Most people do not. When they see a pretty picture in the magazines, they have no idea of what went into the preparation. They simply don't realize the amount of effort and hard work that goes into the job of taking just one photo for one ad.

The editors of Jem decided to take its readers behind the scenes of a typical photo studio. The following pages is the result.

"An ad
is born..."



Business is rather slow.

At last! A call from the advertising agency. A glamour photo for a toe nail polish. Layout will follow. Get in touch with beautiful model.



Talking it over with model.



Model gets ready.

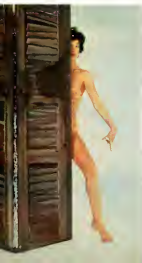




Show product in use.



And now for some glamour.



For that air of mystery.



Ideal for sports, such as tennis...

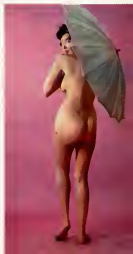


And golf.



Relaxing.

Completely waterproof.





Perfect for the office.



Beautifully gift-wrapped.



The photos are printed and developed.



Pleased with the results.



Seen in the magazine. *Oh no!!*

STAY ON YOUR TOES WITH "TOOTSIES"



You'd give your kingdom for nails
adorned with "Tootsies."

TOOTSIES

The polish with toe-appeal

The final ad.



THE BLONDE IN THE BEDROOM

by LOUIS-CHARLES ROYER

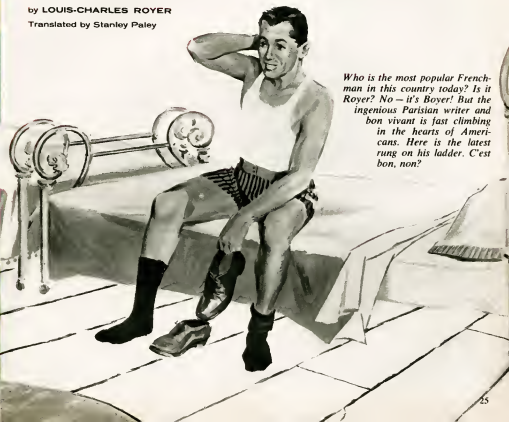
Translated by Stanley Paley

I WAS on my way to Saint-Anton, a pleasant winter sports resort, when a tall blonde girl entered my train compartment at the Swiss border. Without even glancing at me, she began reading a magazine. Deciding that she was as cold as the snowy landscape outside, I too began reading.

At our next stop the weather became really bad. So did a number of other things. For at this stop, one usu-

ally made connections for Zurs, a fashionable local resort. Now the passengers, crowding the corridors before debarking, were told to return to their seats. It was impossible to get to Zurs — nor could anyone leave there.

The blonde girl who shared my compartment had already been about to leave. Now she wrung her hands and voiced her dismay at having to remain on. (Continued on page 57)



Who is the most popular Frenchman in this country today? Is it Royer? No — it's Boyer! But the ingenious Parisian writer and bon vivant is fast climbing in the hearts of Americans. Here is the latest rung on his ladder. C'est bon, non?

*You have been hearing a lot, lately,
about woman's inhumanity to man.
Well, here is the ultimate horror
of it all, men — what we may expect
if the status continues to quo.*

by JOSH RUBIE

MANKIND IS DOOMED

MANKIND is doomed! At least the kind of man we think of today as a man.

He is doomed by womankind! But *not* the kind of woman we think of today as a woman.

The above statement may sound rather cryptic but, for a moment, let's analyze it. To begin with we think of man today as the master of his household; as the breadwinner; as the boss. Sure, he himself makes jokes about who wears the pants in the family but in the back of everyman's mind he really thinks he *is* the boss. He really thinks this is a man's world. He really thinks it will remain a man's world. As far as he is concerned his is an inalienable and an inherent right to be master.

He couldn't be more wrong!
Now let's look at what is considered to be the modern woman. She is, for the most part, a housewife. She tends to the home, cooks the meals and looks after the children. If she happens to work also she'll be quick to tell you that her job is secondary; that she only works to help out. Ask her and she'll freely admit — no jokes about it — that her husband is the boss. Ask her and she'll tell you that it is, truly a man's world. Ask her and without hesitation she'll tell you that it will remain a man's world.

And she couldn't be more wrong!
But she knows it!
Man is wrong but at least he is honest. Since the beginning of time he has been the master. The role was thrust upon him back in the stone age when his brute strength was needed to protect the household. He accepted the responsibility then and did his job well. But we are no longer living in the stone age and his is *not* a divine right. His right to be boss is *not* inherent. He must continue to fight for his place in the sun or he will lose it. And, the way things are going today, it looks like his hour of defeat is not too far off.

The woman too is wrong but she is dishonest and the fact that she knows it is half the battle. She knows that she is no longer just a housewife. And

(Continued on page 60)



*Men know it's a good
thing — and it's no doubt
here to stay, but . . .*

"WOMEN OVERRATE SEX"

by CLARK STREATE



A BEAUTIFUL young woman not long ago shot her husband as he lay sleeping beside her. He was not only sleeping but dead, as it turned out, because she had also thoughtfully included a generous dose of arsenic in his dinner menu that evening. But she blew a couple of holes in him anyway, to make sure, being of a practical nature.

When they got her to the witness stand, and she was asked why she had murdered her man, the gorgeous creature dabbed at her eyes with a Kleenex, wiped away a tear or two, and murmured: "Because I loved him."

Now, the sad part of this story lies not in the death of the husband. For all we know, he was a drunkard, wife-beater, liar, thief, heel, and no good bum who only got what was coming to him. No: the sad part is — that, by her lights, and by the logic of every other woman as well, the girl was only acting like any female would have in killing a man because she loved him. That's part of the code; and the other part of the code is that the male has to accept this cock-eyed female logic, even though he knows it to be as screwy as a cork-puller.

(Continued on page 56)



LOVE
FOR RENT
— CHEAP

"Something for everybody!" That could be the motto of the marriage brokers. If you're too old — or tired — to pick 'em up, or too shy to call a call girl, or too cynical to trust the conventional methods — *this* may be just what you need . . .



It was a certain bench on the south end of Union Square and it was occupied by an uncertain female who, even if she put on the brakes, was about to crash into that horrifying land of limbo known as Middle Age. Judging from the mascara and assorted paints that mottled here face and hair — I counted at least four colors. (Including green!) — this gal had put on the emergency brake.

I walked up to her. (coughed delicately) and said, "Hello, there—I'm Hugo Schmidt. As of right now, and for the rest of the evening, at least,

(Continued on page 69)



BE A MARBORO GIRL!



FILTER! (the best)

FLAVOR! (and how)

FLIP-TOP BOX! (no comment)

Smoke the cigarette with the distinctive mark.
It's not the tattoo but what's behind it that counts.
Less tars and practically no feathers. It's smooth.

MARBORO

FOR THE GIRL WITH CHEEK

FOR MEN WHO DON'T CARE WHAT WOMEN THINK:

*This 1958 Lifebooy
sure smells good!*

Phew!

New Lifebooy is more effective than going without a bath for a month.

Men! Don't be conformists. That's the trouble with the american male . . . he's timid, shy. *Now*, you can assert your individuality. New Lifebooy will make you stand out from the crowd. If you want to stink — then *stink!!* It's your right.

LIFEBOOY

New! Spicy!

YOU SLEEP BETTER ON A SINNOMS MATTRESS

SO WHAT!!



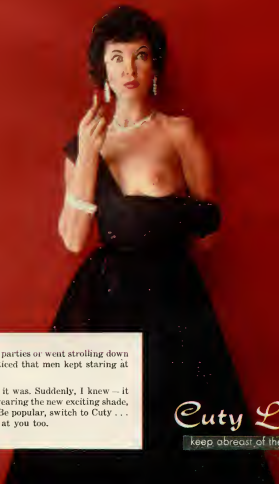
That's all he does. I'M GETTING A DIVORCE.

Before we got our Sinnom's mattress, he was up most of the night. Now he comes home, flops into bed, and snores away until it's time to go to work. Sinnom's has ruined my happy home. I'm for the old lumpy mattress.

SINNOMS
FOR LAZY LOUYS

Since I Switched To Cuty Lipstick . . .

MEN STARE AT ME!



Whenever I went to parties or went strolling down Fifth Avenue, I noticed that men kept staring at me.

I didn't know what it was. Suddenly, I knew — it was because I was wearing the new exciting shade, "Desire," by Cuty. Be popular, switch to Cuty . . . and men will stare at you too.

Cuty Lipsticks

keep abreast of the times.



HOW TO TELL. .THE WILLS FROM THE WON'TS

*One of man's age-old problems is now
resolved by an admitted expert
(he admits it) on what to do when
the chips are down and your steam is up.*



by R. FRED ARNOLD

LIFE, as the midjet once said, is short. Much too short, in fact, to waste precious time in pure guesswork when it comes to telling a Will from a Won't.

You go to a dance. There are droves of unattached females around. The problem before the house is — which one wants to be picked up, which one doesn't? If you play it by ear, you may wind up with the girl with the prettiest ears in the joint, and get nowhere. And you've wasted a complete evening — one of only 365 evenings in the year, and one of only roughly 3,650 in the ten-year span that marks any man's prime.

Those are too valuable to just let go down the drain. You are only young once, to coin a bro- (Continued on page 62)





**YOU CAN'T SEE THE TEASE
FOR THE FOREST**

**Primmer-Donna,
you're a tease,
Peek-a-booing
through those trees,
Charming, vernal,
undefiled —
Where's the man
who drove you wild?**



Would you let us,
if we could,
Take you — tramping
through the woods?
While you're swimming,
we'd admire —
Then we'd like
to be your dryer.





Don't you think
this gal is rather
Good at working up
a lather?

When guys, worked up,
express their hope,
She calms 'em with
two words: "No soap!"
But even so,
there ain't no lack
Of volunteers
to scrub her back!







**Till, at last, by fair or foul,
You'd throw in that gosh-darn towel!**



Go into this New England bar for a pick-me-up and you'll come out with a pick-up — if you say the right words.

Here's a new wrinkle on an old hat — if it fits, wear it.



PICKING UP A DAME —LATEST STYLE

By BENTLEY HARRISON

(Editor's Note: Recently a New England town decided to clamp down on prostitution and vice. The editors of JEM then sent one of their top reporters to the scene to find out if the efforts of the city fathers were successful. The following is his daily report.)

Jan. 5th
Dear Chief,

Well, here I am. Last time I hit this town was fifteen years' ago. Hasn't changed much. These large towns or small cities don't seem to look different from year to year. New shop here and there. Chrome front on the old hotel. All in all, pretty much the same.

I think you're a nervous old maid for making me take all these silly precautions—a sample cuse full of colored fabrics, a phony membership

card in a textile salesman's union, no press card, and worst of all, no typewriter. I'm going to hate writing in longhand. Also, sending you a report every day is just a lot of unnecessary work. But, you're the boss.

I think this assignment's going to be easier than you think. You can't stamp out prostitution by passing a few laws.

That's all for now. I'm turning in early. I'm pooped.

Jan. 6th
Dear Chief,

This assignment is not dangerous. I still think it's unnecessary for me to

(Continued on page 48)

ALL WELL SERVED

A MEDIEVAL TALE

retold by ROGER CHAMBORD

A NOBLE KNIGHT — rich, powerful, brave, and a good fellow — was in love with a fair lady. He was also secretly loved by her and whenever he wished he went to a private and remote part of her castle where she came to visit him, and there they conversed at their leisure of their pleasant mutual love.

Not a soul knew of their pastime, except a pretty maid who served the lady and who had kept her secret for a long time.

Having served the dame so willingly in all her affairs, she was worthy of a great reward. Moreover she was such a good girl that not only had she gained the affection of her mistress for her services in this and other matters,

but the husband of the lady esteemed her as much as his wife did, because he found her good, trustworthy and diligent.

It chanced one day that the lady knew her lover to be in the castle, but could not go to him as soon as she hoped because her husband detained her, at which she was much vexed. She sent the maid to the Knight to tell him that he must yet have patience and that, as soon as she could rid herself of her husband, she would come to him.

The maid went to the young nobleman and delivered the message. He, being a courteous Knight, thanked her much for her trouble and made her sit by him. Then he tenderly kissed her

two or three times. She did not object. This gave the Knight encouragement to proceed to other liberties, which also were not refused him.

The visit concluded, the maid returned to her mistress and told her that the Knight was anxiously awaiting her.

"Alas!" said the lady, "I know full well he is waiting, but my husband will not go to bed, and there are many people here whom I cannot leave. Curse them! I would much rather be with him. He is very lonesome up there, is he not?"

"Faith! I believe he is," replied the maid, "but he comforts himself as well as he can with the hope of your coming."

(Continued on page 65)



Picking Up A Dame—Latest Style

(Continued from page 45)

go to such lengths to establish a "personality," as you call it. This morning I hailed a cab and asked to be driven to a mill on the outskirts of town. On the way, I acted like a typical salesman. You know, small talk about "how's business," etc. I asked the caddy to wait for me, cooled my heels for a half hour in the men's room, and came out wearing a pleased grin. On the way back, I casually remarked about the juicy order I'd gotten, promising the caddy a fat tip.

"I feel like celebrating," I said. We rode on a bit. "Say," I continued "where can a guy get some action in this town?"

"Cards, dice, or horses?" he asked.

"Naw," I answered, acting coy. "You know what I mean . . . basic entertainment."

"Whadya mean, pal?"

"Dames," I said.

He froze. I prodded him. He stopped the car, turned around, and glared. "Look, pal," he said in a raspy voice, "this town's shut tighter'n a undersized girl. I don't know nuttin', pal—*nuttin'*." He started the car and we drove back in cold silence.

I spent the rest of the day ambling around "being seen." A few inquiries at the local pubs produced no results.

One thing I know you can't get in this town is a decent dry martini.

Jan. 7th

Dear Chief,

Today I had a plan. Bar hopping doesn't establish you. The thing to do is spend the whole day in a plush saloon buying a few drinks, acting the jolly fellow, and all that. You know, build confidence.

As I left the hotel, I noticed a squat, greasy looking character leaning against the edge of the building. He buried his head in a newspaper as I passed him. I thought nothing of it. After a trip to another plant, a sojourn in a messy men's room, and a profitless cab ride back, I put my plan into action.

The joint was on the gaudy side. A curved bar extended the length of the place. Draped over it were a few early drinkers. A muted juke box, on the bassy side, whispered out an occasional tune. After my third martini, I leaned towards the bartender and asked "my question." He continued

polishing a glass for almost a minute.

"You new in town, mister?" he asked.

"In for a few days," I answered. "Wool fabric's my line. Been doin' good to."

"Guess you hadn't heard?"

I played dumb.

He put the glass down and leaned towards me. "There ain't none," he said shaking his head. "All that's been put in camphor." Cops locked them up or drove them out of town. There are no houses in this town. Only homes. It's a shame," he sighed.

The place was filling up with the cocktail crowd. I began to glow. I played with my next drink, stuffing myself with pretzels, peanuts and hors d'oeuvres. No good to get drunk. I turned to a fellow on my right, extending my hand. "Harrison's the name," I said, "Fabric's my game."

"Williams," he volunteered as he pumped my hand. "Advertising. Been in town long?"

"Couple of days."

"Nice friendly place. You'll like it here. Born and raised here myself." I bought him a drink. He bought me one. I glowed more, but fought to keep sober.

I leaned towards him. "How can a town be friendly," I asked, "when you can't make friends?"

He took on a hurt expression and started to answer.

"No, not you," I interrupted. "I mean other friends — like, er — girls."

"Oh, that." I got the same song and dance from him. No dames. After a couple of more fruitless hours, I gently weaved towards the door. On the way out, I noticed that greasy gentleman talking to one of the barflies I'd approached. I don't know how long he was there. I didn't see him come in. I guess they let anybody in these bars.

After a gallon of coffee, I started to write this report. Tomorrow I'll try one of the crummier bars on the other end of town.

Jan. 8th

Dear Chief,

No dice here either. All I got was looped.

Jan. 9th

Dear Chief,

I didn't do so well today but I know there's an angle someplace. There's

got to be. You just can't wipe out commercial sex anymore than you can wipe out a freckle. All you can do is hide it, but it's still there. I tried a few more cabbies and drinking establishments. Nothing.

Incidentally, I saw greasy Joe again today. I think he's following me. Maybe he's the contact. A pimp. I think I'm going to get it tomorrow.

Jan. 11th

Dear Chief,

I had it. But not the way I wanted it. I missed yesterday's glorious installment. I couldn't write very well with my right hand. It was almost broken. It was this way:

I started the day fresh and early. Something was in the air. I just knew I was going to hit pay dirt. As I stepped into the cab for my daily pilgrimage to some god-forsaken men's room, who should slip in beside me but — you guessed it — the "greasy one." He mumbled an address to the caddy and we drove off. Silence prevailed for about 5 minutes. I waited for him to break the ice.

"I hear you're interested in dames," he finally uttered, in a voice that matched his appearance.

"Not dames," I said. "Just one dame would do. I figure if I'm gonna be stuck in a town, I might just as well have some man's fun."

"It figures," he said nodding and arching his eyebrows. "It figures. A man plays a man's game. It figures."

The cab pulled up in front of a large weather-beaten Victorian mansion. We got out and he reached into his pocket with one hand as he waved me away with the other.

"My pleasure," he said with awkward politeness.

The room was furnished in faded splendor. Sunlight filtered through spaces in the drawn drapes. There was enough light for me to see that there was no one in the room. I expected at any moment to see the scantily clad body of a girl drift into the room. What I did see was a great flash of light, then darkness, then a dull pain throbbing in back of my head.

I opened my eyes and focused on the face of my companion. He was standing about five feet away. I was sitting in a chair and was slowly but

painfully made aware of the fact that my right hand was being pulled up behind the back of the chair, not unlike a hammerlock. There were three other men in the room. One was going through my sample case (its contents were strewn on the floor). Another was carefully examining my wallet. The last was leaning against the wall, looking at the whole proceeding with boredom. I wasn't bored.

My friend smiled and said, "So you like girls, eh? That's nice. We all do. Don't we boys?" He moved closer and squinted, "C'mon. What's the real reason you're snoopin' around. We know. You might as well admit it. It'll go easier with you."

"What the hell are you talking about," I said, in a tone dripping with righteous indignation. "All I know is two things. That I'm trying to sell fabric . . . and that I'm getting out of this lousy town as soon as I can."

"If you're gettin' out."

The two finished their search. He walked to them and they spent two or three minutes speaking in hushed tones. Occasionally looking toward me. Finally the one who was obviously the head man scratched his chin. He motioned to the guy behind me and my arm was released. His voice was almost apologetic.

"Sorry, bud," he said.

"You're sorry," I snapped back, rubbing my arm.

"We couldn't take any chances."

They explained that they thought I was a member of a rival gang. They had a good thing going and did not welcome any partners. For my part, I was delighted. I had an inside track and was going to play it to the hilt. I set about gathering my stuff, muttering angrily about the lousy hospitality in this town and vowed never to come back again. What's more, I added, I was going to warn all my friends to stay away too.

He continued to apologize, right up to and into the waiting cab. As we drove downtown I further berated him. If I was a spy, I said contemptuously, would I go around seeking information like a stupid amateur? He agreed, but he couldn't take any chances.

I must have succeeded in making him feel very guilty. Just as I was about to get out in front of my hotel, he pulled me back.

"I'll make it up to you," he whispered. Then with a wink, "Meet me at the Flamingo, Center and Broad. Tomorrow at 4."

Jan. 12th
Dear Chief,

All I can say is — a genius must have thought up this gimmick. It's terrific! Not only that . . . it's legal! At any rate the cops can't do a thing about it. Here's what happened:

I met my "pal" at the Flamingo. After a couple of drinks, he pointed out a bleached blond seated at a nearby table. She was in her forties.

"Sit at her table," he advised. "She'll offer to sell you a watch . . . buy it."

I walked over, sat down and offered to buy her a drink.

"Thanks, I'm not thirsty," she said. "I hear you're interested in buying a watch," I nodded. She took out a battered wrist watch which obviously hadn't marked the passage of time in years.

"A beauty, ain't it," she glowed. "I usually get twenty hucks for a watch like this. But considerin' that I heard that you had a tough time buying one, I'll let it go for half — ten."

I gave her \$10 and put the watch in my pocket.

"Now I'll take that drink," she said with a broad grin.

I ordered two drinks and we chatted for a while. I was waiting for the next move. It came and it was a beauty.

"Say," she blurted out suddenly, "I have a friend who would like you." She examined me carefully. "Yeah, you're just her type."

"I'd like to meet her."

She hastily scribbled a name and address on a piece of paper and handed it to me.

"Go over now," she said. "I'll phone her to expect you."

As I rose to leave, she added, "You'll like her, too. She's lotsa fun."

There it was! The perfect setup. And all perfectly legal. I bought a watch. If I was fool enough to pay ten or twenty hucks for a piece of junk, that was my business. There was no misrepresentation and no coercion. If a young lady liked me well enough to go to bed with me, that was her business. Since there was no money changing hands, it would be impossible to prove prostitution. It was the sweetest device I'd ever seen.

On the way out, old Greaseface nodded and smiled. I smiled back. Clutching my broken down watch, I hailed a cab.

Chief, I guess this is all I'm supposed to report. What happened after is my own business. After all, you just wanted the story of how it was done. And I delivered. By the way, you promised me a vacation after this assignment. You don't mind if I spend it in this town. I like the museums here. Just forward my mail to the Savoy Hotel. See you in two weeks.



Look At This, Private Harkoff!

(Continued from page 15)

Anyway, here's why: (I'll tell you *what* in a minute if you'll just relax.)

Somewhere in the vastness of that state of mind-over-matter known as the Pentagon is a battery of I. B. M. calculators. These machines are so complicated that their I. Q. is 76 even when they're turned off. This makes them practically human. Moronic, possibly, but human. That's why they sometimes make mistakes, since to err is human, not to say I.B.M.

The function of these particular machines is to determine where a given — or taken — individual will fit in the Army scheme of things. During World War II they did it all by hand — no brains, just hands — and that's why it took so long for us to win. But when I returned home from Korea in 1952, they used these cerebral machines. A corporal stands at one side of the machine and slips cards — a card for every man in the army — into a slot. The machine grabs the card, and goes "Wrrzhzhzh-glunk!" and little spindles fit into a bunch of holes in the card. The pattern of the spindles when they perforate a piece of paper behind the card determines whether the individual represented by the card is going to go to the Army War College or be on K.P. for the rest of his military career.

Okay, so one day in 1952 some geek was sorting out the cards marked, "Returnees to be re-assigned domestic duty." When he came to my card he glanced at it and tossed it to the geek at the next desk. "This one's for you, Montmorency — it must've got mixed up in my pile, somehow."

"All right, Cuthbert, those things sometimes happen," said the second geek. He fed the card into the machine before him. It went, "Wrrzhzhzh-glunk!" and when my card emerged from the other end, I was in the W.A.C. That's right, the Woman's Army Corps.

It was quite simple, really. Like Cuthbert. My name is Marion Harkoff, you see, and when the geek saw it, he automatically jumped to conclusions and handed it to Montmorency, cus-

todian of the W.A.C.'s machine.

Now, when anything like that happens, the machine is supposed to spit out the card with a loud, "Grrulz-hic!" and the geek in charge will get three days K. P.

This time the machine must have jumped a cog or something, because it retained the card, digested the information on it, perforated it — and within one-tenth of a second I had become a child of destiny. The following constitutes the all-but-incredible consequences:

I was sweating out my re-assignment at a desolate post in New Jersey whose name I won't mention, but it rhymes with Nix. Most of the guys in my barracks had already left. It was sure lonely hanging around that big post with nothing to do. I happen to be a gregarious type; I like people. I prefer girl-type people, but men are okay when necessary. I can even stand my fellow soldiers at times. But to have *nobody* around—!

When my orders came through I was so happy I didn't even bother reading anything but my name and destination. Fort Elmwood, Illinois! Illinois, the state of long-eared corn, long-legged girls and long playing records. At least, that's what my friends from Illinois told me — the girls there held the record for long playing.

Three days later I arrived at Fort Elmwood. The M.P. at the gate was as careless as I was. He glanced perfunctorily at my orders, jerked his thumb at an orderly sitting on his Jeep nearby, and I was driven to H. Q. I admit the orderly looked at me kind of funny when I lugged my barracks bag out and dumped it in front of the building, but some people look at you funny just to hide their own annoyance at being orderlies.

Inside the H.Q. building I went up to a desk that said "1st Sgt. A. Burnham" on it. Looking around I noticed a lot of WACs in the room, more than you usually find even in a wartime Stateside post. In fact they were *all* WACs, and a pretty good crop, too. A warm feeling of having come home

enveloped me.

There was a WAC sitting at the first sergeant's desk. A big husky WAC with the body of a man, the breasts of a cow, the head of a bull and the uniform of the Woman's Army Corps. It — I mean she — grabbed my orders, looked them over very carefully, unlike the M. P. and myself. She glanced up at me from time to time. Finally she gazed at me through thick horn-rimmed glasses as though I were something stuck on a board in the museum.

"Private Harkoff, what are you doing out of uniform?"

I looked down at myself. I had my uniform on; not only that, it was brand new, neatly pressed and clean. "It's the one they gave me at the depot," I murmured, clearing my throat a couple of times and wishing the first sergeant would hurry back.

She softened a little. "Hmm — I suppose they ran out of uniforms, what with all the returnees. And you *are* pretty big, probably hard to fit." She grinned and managed to look half human. "Must've been quite an experience — riding across half the country dressed like a man, eh?"

That bugged me for a second. I almost caught on then and there. And by now, of course, you have. But look at it from my standpoint. For 21 years of my life — and that's all of it — I had been accepted in society as a male member of the human race. Especially by the female members I happened to come across. Never once had my claim to maleness been challenged, or even doubted. Especially since the age of fourteen. So what the hell — I figured she was kidding.

"Here's your barracks number, dear. Go to Supply first and get the proper uniform."

For the first time I realized that this Amazon wore a first sergeant's stripes. In a growing daze, I left the building, first noticing that not one of these WACs wore the Good Conduct ribbon.

At the Quartermaster's Supply it finally hit me. A well-stacked Pfc behind the counter trotted out a pile of



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stuff and dumped it in front of me. It was khaki, obviously G.I. Then came the bit that did it. The chick behind the counter asked in a matter-of-fact voice, "You got enough shims?"

"Enough what?"

"Shims, Private — chemise — panties, bra, girdle — you know."

I stared dully. "Well, no," I answered truthfully.

A trip to the shelves, and she brought back another pile of stuff.

I gazed at its soft filmy texture, the alien shape. "For me?" I asked.

"Look, honey," the dame said. "You need an aspirin or something, you just let me know. Sure, it was rough overseas and maybe the effects will upset you for awhile. But just be glad you had the experience." She winked broadly. "I'll bet it was *some* experience, hmm — from what I've heard!" Her look was not calculated to get the Good Conduct medal in *this*

woman's army!

Numbly, I grabbed my uniform, including the shims, and stalked out of the place. I found my barracks, walked in and sat on a bunk that had the mattress turned back. Luckily the barracks was empty. Then I did some heavy thinking.

I thought it out a step at a time, logically, using *a priori* reasoning and starting out with a major premise. First, I said to myself, my name is Marion, an honorable tried-and-true name shared by hundreds of other persons, many of whom were girls. Right? Right. Second, through the mistake of some forked-up clerk I had been sent to a WAC company. Right? Probably. Now, number three was touchier. Neither my masculine uniform nor physical appearance had convinced anybody that I was *not* a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool female type. Right? Sure, but why?



"Nothing, thanks . . . just promising!"

Well, fellow Americans, let me tell you something about myself. I am of average height — five-eight — and slim, 140. And I'm a handsome devil if I do say so. Nordic, classic features on a small head, and a perfect complexion that won't tan. Just as important is the fact that I once had scarlet fever. This was only a few years ago. When I recovered I found that I didn't have to shave anymore. That's right. Scarlet fever does strange things to its victims; to me, it removed all trace of facial hair. Finally, I was once the leading boy soprano of my church choir in Duluth. Now they call me a whiskey tenor but it's the same thing. Okay, I have a voice like a girl.

It is there that all resemblance between me and a girl ends. And I'm speaking of both ends.

Now that you have the picture, let's frame it. I sat there pondering my fate. What should my next course be? Of course I could go back to the Amazon at H. Q. and tell her the whole ghastly truth and that would be that.

Or —

And just like that the idea occurred to me. At first, I brushed it aside. It was pure madness! But then, slowly, the essential man in me came to the fore. Hah! what if Caesar hadn't taken a chance? — All Gaul would have stayed divided in three parts. What if Napoleon hadn't got into France, or got into Spain, or got into Prussia, or got into Russia? Josephine would have been out of luck!

I knew I was begging for a court-martial and a firing squad at dawn. On the other hand, here was my chance to become immortal! There is on record the history of a lovely girl who joined the French Foreign Legion as a private. Her true identity was not discovered until she died in battle, years later. At least, it was not discovered by the general. The only thing she had to worry about was pregnancy.

Why couldn't I do the same thing — in reverse? And if I died in battle, it would be a pleasure. What a fight I would put up! And, of course, I didn't have to worry much about pregnancy. Let them look out for themselves.

Before I lost courage I stripped to my skin. In a couple of trices I had my brand new WAC uniform on. And if you think it was an unmingled joy to

don those panties and bra, you're wrong. The little Plc at Supply must have noticed I was a little flat-chested. She had taken care of me very nicely in that respect. They fit like a glove.

I was making my bunk when my fellow WACs (how's that again?) came romping in from some mysterious duty known only to them, their C.O. and their God. To them and their C.O., anyway. And we were off!

Due to a certain sense of honor, I am not going to reveal much of what went on in that barracks during my sojourn there. In any case it couldn't be printed. I will relate some of the more colorful episodes. The off-colorful ones you'll have to imagine — and please accept my sympathy.

Well, it started right away. It had been a warm sunny day and, like soldiers the world over, when knocking off for the day, these babes did the same things. They trooped in noisily, whooping and hollering spiritedly, and made for their bunks.

And then they made for the shower room.

Okay?

Okay.

So I sat there on my bunk, drinking it all in and trying to appear casual. The babe in the next bunk was an immensely cute little private with a beauty mark just under her left armpit. I saw it when she reached behind to unfasten her bra strap. As she undressed she spoke to me in a friendly tone, as one gal to another.

"I'm Betty Lou Jones," said Betty Lou Jones. "You gonna be with us a while, hon?" She flashed me a smile that, had I not been a girl, would have warmed the cockles of my heart.

"I'm Marion Harkoff," I admitted, "and I'll consider myself lucky if I'm here just five minutes more."

Well, dear reader, Betty Lou was ready for her shower just thirty seconds later. "Coming, hon?" she asked me, casually draping a towel around her shoulders.

I shook my head. In a barely audible voice I admitted that I'd had my shower already. "Anyway, I feel a little weak from the heat," I said. Weak! I couldn't have risen off that bunk if the enemy had dropped the first bomb directly overhead! Betty Lou murmured something sympathetic, then turned

and walked to the shower. I followed her course all the way to the end of the barracks. Altogether there were fifteen of them. I followed the course of each. And then I just lay back on the bunk and took a number of deep breaths.

It lasted a week like that. That is to say I lasted a week. By then I was almost a nervous wreck. I had never enjoyed the role of voyeur — with me it has always been all or nothing at all. To watch and not touch was for the birds. Birds with big eyes and short bills.

I decided to pull out. I would probably get six months in the guard house, but what the hell! What I had thought would turn out to be a joyful lark had turned into a nightmare. Look, can you imagine how I felt when lovely little Betty Lou, for a half hour before lights out, would come over, clad only in her filmy little panties, and sprawl on my bunk next to me? And when she would reach across me to drop her ash in a tray, and squeeze my thigh in an intimate little gesture that is quite proper between people of the same sex. She had been doing it more and more as time passed, and it was getting to be more than I could stand.

As you can imagine, I had to be very careful about my timing — when to use the latrine, when to dress and undress — was nerve-wracking. My duties didn't offer much of a problem, except on the first day.

"You have a very general, in fact a confused, M.O.," the Amazon first sergeant said to me. "What are you best fitted for?"

"I was pretty good with a B. A. R. at Inchon," I said, automatically, "but I'm partial to a bazooka."

Naturally she took it as a joke. How else could she take it? I finally wound up as a file clerk after proving my inability to do anything else. Once I got into the thing, it was a lead pipe cinch.

Betty Lou was another matter entirely. On the seventh day things came to a head. There was a movie that night, and the gals who hadn't gone were in town. I had the barracks to myself. Until seven, when Betty Lou came in. She threw herself down on her bunk and gazed up at the ceiling. "Don't like the movie and don't have a date," she remarked. "You, too?"

I murmured me too. I was beginning to get nervous, for some reason. Maybe it was the way she avoided my eye, or the way she didn't change expression but just looked up at the ceiling. For awhile we were both silent.

Then she stood up and took her clothes off. She did it languidly but deliberately, and she now looked right at me. I didn't know what to think. When she was down to her panties she came over and threw herself down on my bunk. She had done this several times at night, but now there seemed to be a definite purpose to her actions. I, of course, was fully dressed.

"It's warm as hell," she said, "why don't you be smart and shed some of that cotton? Here, I'll help." She reached up and unbuttoned my shirt. I looked down at her sure, steady fingers in a sort of horrified trance. Swallowing hard, I tried to re-button the shirt, mumbling that I really wasn't that warm, and — She watched me with a definite twinkle in her eye. Then she took my hands away and unbuttoned the shirt again. This time she got it all the way. I was beginning to feel too weak to do anything about it. I had a feeling that my Waterloo was upon me.

So was Betty Lou. Kneeling, she straddled me, pushing me back onto the bunk. Her breath was coming faster now. "Let's," she said, in a kind of choked-up voice, "play a game. Nobody in the barracks has ever beaten me at Indian wrestling — and now I'm challenging you. You *have* to play, or I'll tell the girls you chickened out!" She got into the Indian wrestle position.

And then I got into it. I had no other choice.

After I had defeated her three times, Betty Lou snuggled up to me and nuzzled my ear. "I knew you could heat me," she said.

I kissed her gently. "How long have you known?"

"From almost the first day," she said. "From the minute you buttoned your shirt, to be exact. You kept trying to button it from left to right — when a girl's shirt buttons from right to left. That, plus a few other giveaways put me on the track. I don't know what your game is, but man, you're certainly a whizz at Indian wrestling! You

ready to play again?"

I was ready. We played again. Afterward I told her the whole story. I told her that I had been about to give it all up and take my medicine.

She pressed her fingers against my lips. "Uh-uh! You are not going to give up — and you'll get your medicine from me! See?"

The next two weeks were glorious. By the end of that time the entire barracks knew.

Did they turn me in? They did not. What they did do was call a meeting, one evening. Around my bunk. In a very matter of fact way they put it to me. Corporal Blanche Saunders was spokeswoman.

She looked from me to Betty Lou and back again. "Nobody's going to squawk," she said "if you two cooperate. It's simply a matter of sharing the wealth — understand?"

We understood. I looked at Betty Lou and shrugged. She nodded sadly. The others drew straws to determine the order of precedence. Betty Lou, because of seniority rights, plus my insistence, was given two straws.

The next month was not only glorious, it was hectic. Now I had no worries about latrines, shower rooms, or being interrupted. The barracks, and its contents, were mine. The girls protected me like a treasured keepsake, which of course I was — they wanted to keep me, for their sake. Being only 21, vigorous and healthy, I did not suffer the ills that you might imagine. A special diet supplemented the regular G.I. food — it was brought in from town by the girls — and gave me extra strength. Life was good.

It got better after that month. Somebody talked. Was I reported, court-martialed, drummed out of the Service? I was not. Only now I had three barracks to worry about. The whole damned WAC outfit at the post. I began to feel just a trifle used. Not used up — just used.

While I pondered what to do about it, the roof fell in, as was inevitable. When I got the order to appear before the C. O., I girded my loins for the blow to come.

I saluted on entering the sanctum sanctorum. The colonel, a big bluff man with an oldtime walrus mustache, was studying my service record along

with certain other papers. Finally he looked up.

"How long," he asked, "did you expect to get away with it?"

I had decided to brazen it out. It might or might not make things worse for me — but I had to try. A sixth sense told me to. "With all due respect, Sir," I began, looking at him with what he could not possibly have mistaken for respect, "the error was not mine. It was the Army's. I merely went along with it to save the collective face of the brass."

I thought he was going to have an apoplectic fit. Or maybe it was just the martini he'd had for lunch. After the blood left his face, he said ominously, "Go ahead. Talk. I can tell by your expression that you've given the matter some thought. Please feel free to speak out." He sat back and waited, looking like something left over from the Inquisition.

**Man has his will — but women
has her way!**

— Oliver Wendell Holmes

But I had the thing made, and I knew it. I didn't go so far as to sit on the edge of his desk or anything like that. After all, he was merely an innocent victim of circumstance. But I stood at ease and shifted my weight from one foot to another.

"I want the status to stay just as it is," I told him, "—strictly quo! I like it here. I like the food, the duty — and the personnel. Especially the personnel. If things do not stay as they are, then I need only say that the Army is in for the most frightful publicity of its history. Think of it — a G.I. spending ten weeks in a WAC barracks, known only to the WACs themselves! If it hits the headlines, Colonel, heads will roll, I guarantee it. Don't think the Pentagon will take the blame, old fellow." The color of his face and the way his shoulders sagged convinced me it was safe to call him "old fellow". He sure looked a lot older than when I'd come in.

"Give me a day to figure something out," he said despondently. He looked up at me pleadingly. "Look — you know I was blameless in this, don't

you, Private? Whatever happens, remember I have your best interests at heart." He swallowed, a tear dimming his rheumy old eye.

"I'll let you know," I told him, "— after you let me know."

I returned to the barracks. "This may be my last night here, kids," I told my brood fondly. "What'll we do for kicks? Any ideas?"

They told me their ideas — amid much wailing and weeping, naturally. How, they asked each other, could they ever replace me? In the course of the next few hours, I assured them that they couldn't.

I had my answer next day. As I had suspected, my days at Elmwood were over. But my army career was not. On the contrary, life for me was just beginning. When I was called into the Colonel's office, he was not alone. Far from it.

There was a two-star general there. There were also two colonels, one from the adjutant-general's office, and a distinguished looking civilian introduced as Mr. Hmmpfphurg from the State Department. It doesn't seem possible that it could have been Mr. Dulles, still, he does get around, you know. Hell, it *couldn't* have been. Well, the point is that they had had a conference lasting all day. The brass had flown in that morning after from the C.O.

They were very nice about it — didn't want to hurt my feelings, didn't want to upset me, after my ordeal. I waited patiently for the pitch. It was a slow curve across the middle. Above the belt. It struck me out.

It seems that a battery of eight prominent military and civilian psychiatrists had found me hopelessly insane. Yes, indeed, it was their considered opinion that I would better serve the interests of my country, and especially the Army, if I were shut away in Vault number E-75 of sub-level 4 in the Pentagon.

Having delivered himself of this information, one of the colonels offered me a cigarette. He looked me straight in the eye as he touched his Zippo to the tip. "That is to say, those eight psychiatrists are about to find you insane, with the aforementioned consequences — unless you cooperate with us."

I cooperated. I mean, what the hell

— when you've had it, Mac, you-have-had-it. And, bless that sweet little old I.B.M., I had had it, with a capital HAD.

That was six years ago. For those six years I have been on this island in the Pacific. Not the South Pacific, the North Pacific. The island is called *Argh!* and it's about thirty miles west of Alaska in the Bering Sea. On a clear day I can see the Arctic Circle, and it's kind of hard to sleep because of that damned *Aurora Borealis* flashing all night long — for six months. And when the C. O. says you're on K. P. for a day, he means the *other* six months of the year!

I stand a lot of guard duty too. Guard tour here is just 100 yards — from one end of the island to the other. There are just five quonset huts on the Post — four for the officers and one for us eight enlisted men. The PX and the Service Club are in Nome. I've never seen them.

I'm not complaining, understand. I'll be a civilian again soon, and it's easy to forgive anything when you're a civilian. I think of it a lot while I'm doing guard duty. And I think of the past too, of that glorious interlude in my life when I was a WAC corporal. It causes me to plan for the future, but carefully.

I know what I'm going to do when I get out. Cleaning out the officers' quarters the other day I came across the employment section of a recent *New York Times*. There's a prominent girls' finishing school in Rhode Island with a faculty vacancy for next semester. They need a physical training instructor. Well, do you think I applied for the job?

Man, I'm way ahead of you.

I've been accepted.

"Could you tell the listeners a little of what goes on here?"



Women Overrate Sex

(Continued from page 29)

And that the poor male really is in trouble was indicated several weeks later when the jury (mostly men) declared this dame *not guilty* and set her free, presumably to kill the next man she really took a fancy to.

The right of a woman to do everything she damn well pleases in the name of love is only one of the many illogical and downright annoying ideas women believe in — and expect men to swallow.

Because sex is everything to a woman she believes it must be to a man.

This is probably one of the greatest causes of unhappiness between men and women — that a woman has only one thing on her mind and a man has a lot of things on his.

Did you ever see any woman other than a Russian hammer-thrower who really enjoyed sports? Did you ever see any woman at a ball game who really enjoyed it, without faking it to build up her popularity with the men? Of course not.

Women can't keep their minds on any one subject long enough to get any pleasure or substance out of it. They claim that women haven't produced any writers, artists, musicians, or thinkers in history because they didn't have the opportunity. Well, they have their opportunity now, and have had it for a couple of generations, and they still haven't caused a ripple, and they never will, simply because they can't concentrate on anything but sex.

A woman usually hates her husband's job, because she views it as a rival. She can't understand, for instance — with her sex bias — that a man's interest in his work can exist side-by-side with a great love for her. "Nonsense," she says, "it takes you away from me!" And then she sets out to make him hate his job, too, thinking in this way to build up her own importance to him. And before very long the poor joker is nursing his second set of ulcers — he got the first ones working too hard to provide his woman with "necessities" in the style to which she was unaccustomed, and then

he gets the second set because he can't stand emotionally the overwork he is fated to do.

The woman's overemphasis on sex carries on into other fields, poisoning the man's happiness in every case.

Take the case of his friends.

To begin with, no woman understands friendship. Carnal machine that she is, she never really has any "friends" in the literal sense. For a while, in her school days and adolescence, she has other girls that she groups with because of enforced proximity — room-mates, classmates, neighbors, and the like — or because she notices something about another girl and she wants to buddy around with her and learn how it's done . . . pure theft. But when a girl becomes a woman and discovers her power to attract men, that's the end of all her so-called girl-friends. From then on, they're The Enemy — a potential other woman — and although they'll chatter across tables and coffee cups with each other for the rest of their lives, it's an armed truce at best. Deep down in their hearts, two women smiling at each other are about as harmonious as a scorpion and a tarantula in a bottle.

**Men are women's playthings;
women are the devil's.**

— Victor Hugo

So, a woman never catches on that a man enjoys the friendship of his own kind. Made short-sighted by her own sex bias, she thinks that a man's enjoyment of his friends is a direct insult to her. She doesn't know that a man can never talk to a woman with the same lack of restraint that he can use with the most casual male acquaintance. She doesn't know that sports are another language by which men converse with one another, getting real stimulation and a sense of bodily balance, both physical and mental, from this type of communication.

So she sulks when he's out with the

boys. She begrudges him his tennis, or his golf, or his fishing, unless he drags her along to gawk the thing up with her inferior performance and utter ignorance of sportsmanship.

If she's married to a man, you'll notice, she'll try to work it that he only sees his old friends when their wives are present — thus turning a friendship into a kind of rivalry, egged on by the women.

And, of course, a woman overestimates sex itself — I mean S-E-X — as it exists in a man's mind. I mentioned before that he has to take her, very often, at her own values. So, what does he do? He writes sonnets, he composes music, he paints canvas, he builds castles to celebrate the ecstasies of sexual communion with a woman. He extols her beauty above all things, because he knows she expects it of him.

Her beauty?

Have you ever looked closely at a woman?

Of course you have, but I mean closely and objectively. Look at her afterwards — if you get what I mean.

Here is a creature endowed by nature with most of the lines which make for ugliness. She is so constituted that for her hip joints to function at all she either has to be bow-legged or knock-kneed to make up for the odd angles that the simple act of walking throws into her legs. A straight-legged woman is a rarity, and she looks a little odd at that — somewhat as though her legs were stuck on, with putty, as an afterthought. Stand her up on the bedroom floor in her bare feet and she's a dumpy sight at best. Her hips suggest a scow viewed from the George Washington Bridge as it lumbers along beneath, on the waters below. Her arms are flabby and usually short, her fingers pointed and unskilled. Her breasts — can you imagine the billions of words and oceans of paint that have been wasted on these? — are biological necessities having to do with the feeding of children, but aside from this, are inferior in every respect to an ordinary orange or tennis ball, both in flavor and resiliency.

Her hair — her "crowning glory" — is really just a nuisance, an unsanitary depository of goo, pins, dust, and the idiotic designs of pansy beauticians.

What's left? Plenty of love and sensation and good clean animal pleasure, without a doubt.

But what's all the shouting about?

Women are so nuts about their sex ideas that they spend most of their money on clothes and cosmetics, and most of their lives shopping for them and applying them.

For men? Of course not.

Women don't fool men when they girdle their behinds and brassiere their fronts. The fact is that a man of any experience can spot a false a mile away, including the ones with the nipples on them, or the ones with the holes in them. A man who isn't just a boy in the game of making women can gauge very accurately just by glancing at a girdle just how much "fall-out" is going to take place when she takes it off. Shoes he discounts automatically — he's well aware that most of them are designed to give a woman that pelvic thrust forward, and that when you take her shoes off, her pelvis goes back where it belongs and she looks as round-shouldered as the

next dame.

The other sex area where women overestimate their own powers is in the matter of skin exposure. They're mighty self-conscious at the amount of leg they show getting out of a cab, or if they catch you looking down the front of their evening dresses. Men are beasts, they seem to say, if you peek — except then why the hell do they wear the short skirts and the plunging fronts if it isn't to get the beasts worked up a little? Women seem to think they're giving men a great big break, distributing goodies to the poor, as it were, piece by piece, if they show a little epidermis.

Well, have you ever seen a mob of naked women? I don't mean in a burlesque show or a nightclub act where they have the benefit of sequins and lights and sensual music. I mean just out in a field — say, in a nudist camp. I've been to a few nudist camps, and there are few unlovelier sights in the entire world than that sad mass of humanity — pink and ugly and hairy and out of shape in every possible way

— sadly cavorting around and making out that it's fun to sit in the grass with your fanny exposed or eat your dinner a yard away from your neighbor's completely visible hide.

There's no sex to it, in any way — sex being a state of mind much more than a state of nudity. But that's something that women will never learn. Sure, a little show of skin gets a man's mind moving in a certain direction, but to give it all the overemphasis that women actually do, is to confuse the match with the explosion.

If women would only understand some of these things from a man's point of view, they'd stop wasting a lot of time and causing a lot of trouble.

The fact is that a woman is only a sometime thing at best, and her sex only a sometime part of that. That's the truth of it, and the sooner she knows it the better.

So . . . let's go down to The Place for a couple of beers. And after that we'll call up a couple of broads I know. Hell, a man has to have some fun, doesn't he?

— 3 —

The Blonde In The Bedroom

(Continued from page 25)

the train. As she grudgingly tried to stow her baggage back on the rack, I rushed forward to help her. Actually she was capable of doing it herself, being as tall as I.

Still, she appreciated my efforts, and conversation began. Her fiancé was waiting for her in Zurs, she said. She had come from Ostend, Belgium, to spend a week with him. But, now this pre-marital honeymoon seemed about to be seriously curtailed.

Around us the white cloud in which we had been traveling without exchanging a word — ah! how human beings can be brought together by destiny's whims — had now been replaced by total blackness. The train was going through a tunnel and, perhaps due to the accumulation of snow on the roof of the coach, the lights had not gone on. We spoke without seeing each other, like prisoners in some dark cell.

To tell the truth I was not as sorry

about all this as the consoling words I uttered to this unfortunate fiancée might have led her to believe. I felt at ease with this lovely girl whose voice and manner reflected her frankness and simplicity.

Emerging from the tunnel, we saw that it was snowing as hard on this side as on the other. The Saint-Anton station was almost invisible behind a heavy curtain of snowflakes.

When my involuntary traveling companion and I arrived at the luxurious Post-Hotel, the manager informed us that of the one hundred and fifty beds only two were still available, and these two in the same room.

"That won't do," said the Flemish girl.

She walked out, dignified and angry. I followed her. The porter was behind us, pulling a sled on which our luggage was fraternizing under a mantle of snow.

Another hotel, then another; they

were all full. Then a fourth one. This was the very last.

"Nothing in the main lodge," said the manager. "But I have a very comfortable room in the annex."

"Only one?" asked the girl.

"Only one. But it has twin beds."

I took the manager aside: "Now look here . . . Mademoiselle and I are not married."

"I understand," he said with a wink. "But it doesn't matter here. This isn't Switzerland. On the register you'll put down the lady as your wife."

The young Flemish girl was looking at the window matted with huge snowflakes.

She turned to me. "Well?"

"It's the only room left in the village. If you take it, you'll have to pay double."

"I'll pay."

She hesitated, then, "But what about you? Where will you go?"

"I'll sleep in the waiting room at

the station," I said, unenthusiastically.

The fiancée blushed. "We'll share the room."

We started out, the sled with the luggage still following us. The annex was actually a private home whose owner, a huge Austrian woman with candid eyes, occasionally rented out rooms to the hotel owner. She showed us the room located on the ground floor, its two beds placed length to length.

"Monsieur and Madame will be quite comfortable," she said, placidly. "The house is very quiet. Only I and my elderly husband live here. Besides, he's deaf," she added.

The blonde girl was already opening her bag.

"Allow me to introduce myself." I told her my name and my profession.

"Judy Sleepens," she answered, without raising her head.

We got settled. Our toilet accessories were placed together on the single dresser. The Flemish girl did not open her mouth. I respected her silence.

After a while the girl rang the bell. The owner entered.

"Where can I make a phone call?"

"From the Hôtel du Soleil which sent you here, Madame. It's quite a distance in this bad weather . . . But if you and your husband plan to dine there tonight —"

Mlle. Sleepens cut her off. "Thank you."

I tried hard not to smile. "Don't you think we might as well eat together?"

She shrugged. "Why not?"

At the Hôtel du Soleil, a pleasant chalet with an attractive porch in carved wood, she immediately phoned Zurs to tell her fiancé about the situation. The phone was now the only means of communication between them. Mlle. Sleepens then joined me in the dining room where I had taken a table for two.

I was less at ease in this forced intimacy, which had joined us together like two happy lovers, than I had been in the darkened train. Across the table from me, Mlle. Sleepens was eating desultorily, without saying a word. To make conversation, I asked her what her fiancé had thought about this setback.

"He said I did the right thing," the Flemish girl answered, calmly.

We carefully made our way back to the annex. Covered with snow, the electric lights were dim. The road was slippery. I offered my arm to Mlle. Sleepens. Good-naturedly she said, "Perhaps you're not as well trained as I. Do you know what I do in Ostend? I teach physical culture."

When we arrived at the house, I stopped on the porch. "You go in first. I'll come in after you've retired."

She thanked me warmly. "You're a real gentleman. It won't take me long. Not more than five minutes."

When I entered, I left the light off and quickly slipped into my bed. I had spent a sleepless night on the train and this had been a tiring day, making the rounds of so many hotels. I fell asleep like a child.

"Good-morning!", Mlle. Sleepens greeted me cheerfully.

Already up, but still in her pajamas, she opened the shutters. An icy wind blew several snowflakes into the room.

"It's still snowing," said the girl. "Shall we have breakfast here? The owner has suggested we do so."

The woman came in with a big tray containing rolls, butter, jam and two steaming cups of coffee.

"I think you must have slept well, Monsieur," she said. "It's already late, you know. At least nine o'clock. But of course newlyweds . . ."

"I'm simply famished," Mlle. Sleepens interrupted.

I too was famished. We disposed of a great many rolls.

"In order to simplify matters I'll put on my coat and go outside while you dress."

"Not at all," said the girl. "I've camped with friends. We all washed together."

She removed her pajama top. Stripped to the waist, she splashed vigorously. I had turned away modestly, but in the mirror I couldn't help glancing at her magnificent breasts.

"You know," said the girl as she continued washing herself unconcernedly, "I don't share your compatriots' feeling regarding modesty. For me nudity has no connection with lewdness. Last night I let you remain outside because I didn't know you and I had been told that Frenchmen were . . ."

She stopped abruptly.

"Rakes?" I suggested.

"That's not the word I was going to use," she admitted with a smile.

"Anyhow, what does it mean — a rake? Someone who chases after women?"

"The whole world has given us this bad reputation."

"You don't deserve it," said the Flemish girl. I was not sure if this was a compliment or whether it was tinged with irony.

When it became my turn to use the washbasin, Judy Sleepens looked at me quite openly.

"You're well proportioned," she said, "but your muscles could be more developed. If I were staying here for a while, I'd give you some lessons in physical culture."

We left together. Some hardy skiers were leaving for the slope which rose high above the railroad tracks.

"They're very brave," said Mlle. Sleepens.

"If the weather was good," I answered, "I'd show you Saint-Anton's scenic wonders."

"If the weather was good," replied the Flemish girl teasingly, "I wouldn't be here."

"Then I'd rather it snowed," I said, softly.

She burst out laughing. "You're discreet but a real ladies' man. There's no doubt about it! You're a Frenchman."

During dinner she again put a phone call through to Zurs.

"Well?" I inquired, when she came back.

"I told him to be patient. I too am waiting."

Following her promise the girl did not make me wait on the porch when we came back. Calmly she disrobed. For a fleeting second I saw the long legs, sturdy but with well turned calves.

Before going to bed I turned off the light. Nonetheless, the arc lamps from the nearby railroad station slightly illuminated the room through the heart-shaped openings carved into the shutters. I saw the bedcover rising and falling with the girl's breathing, outlining in full length the body that was so close to mine. That night I fell asleep with far greater difficulty.

The following day we learned that

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THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

...



Further proof that the female is not only deadlier — she enjoys being that way. Look here . . .

They Have Bad Manners.

THE reason for politeness to women is a very good one, being a general gesture of esteem on the part of men towards the sex that included their mothers.

But this innate politeness towards women has degenerated into about as laughable a brand of servility as the world has ever seen. We hold open doors for them, we pull back chairs for them, we light their cigarettes, we carry their luggage. Why? Because women are the "weaker sex"? Nonsense. They outlive men two to one, and they can stand fatigue far better, it has been proven, sheer muscle power aside for the moment. No — we do these things because women have decided to develop a slave race, men, to wait on them.

In return — supposing for the moment that we are willing to perform these indignities in payment for the rare privilege of going to bed with them — we receive very little in kind.

You can be sure, if you're in a crowd

and somebody seems to be slugging the bejesus out of the small of your back, that it's some nasty little dame trying to push you aside so that she can go wherever she's going, first.

Just watch any line queuing up for a bus, or to buy tickets. The one that always barges in and grabs a place ahead of some other patient individual is always a woman.

Hold a door for one of these charm-ers some time. She sails through without lifting so much as an eyebrow in acknowledgment.

Light her cigarette. She blows smoke in your face instead of a thank-you.

Offer her your seat in the subway. She takes it as her right. No thanks, again.

So the point is being reached where men are getting tired of offering these courtesies and getting no return.

The ladies are entering the room . . . Shall we rise, gentlemen? Yes, by all means: — let us rise and go out and mix another drink, with a double shot.

They Have No Sense Of Time.

The truth of it is that men and women go by different clocks. A man's clock is the movement of the spheres in relation to this planet — as his watch clearly indicates. A woman's clock is the movement of this planet in relation to her — and a watch to her is only a piece of jewelry but not a time-piece.

Ask any woman to indicate to you the length of a minute. Time her. She'll be off by as much as twenty-five seconds. She has no sense of time, even with relation to time's basic units of length.

It's too old hat to mention that any woman finds it impossible to be on time to any date. The first scene of any play has to be written very trivially, so that latecomers may get to their seats after the thing has started, without missing too much of importance. Men alone are never late at plays. Men with men are never late at plays. Men with women are almost always late at plays.

Yet a woman can bend Time to her whim like a pretzel. Most women have fabulous memories for dates and places and happenings. "Why, yes," some dame will say. "Of course, I remember you — we met in Detroit in 1948 at a New Year's Party at George Bullfinch's home." And she'll be right — just as right as when she swears she's never met you before in her life, if that happens to be the way she's feeling about it.

And never — NEVER — tell a woman you'll be back in just a few minutes. A few minutes, as any man knows, is not a moment, and not an hour. A minimum of patience is required. Well, try that one on a woman and you'll hear the old refrain: "Where have you been? I've been waiting for hours!"

Bless their little hearts. There are no hands on their watches; only numbers and — if they can trap you into it — diamonds.

They have to be entertained constantly.

Have you ever seen a woman sit still? Have I? Only one — and she's one of the four figures at the base of the statue erected to the Union soldiers in Pottsville, Penna.

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during the night an avalanche had cut off the railroad tracks to Vienna. Signs erected by the Chamber of Commerce urged skiers to be careful.

"I'm afraid we'll be staying here for some time," I said with hypocritical dismay.

After dinner Judy Sleepens again called Zurs which had become more and more isolated.

"He's becoming nervous up there," said the girl upon returning to the table.

"It's always a good idea to make a future husband jealous," I said as I poured some dry, golden wine into her glass.

She drank, then smiled again.

"Do you really think that jealousy enhances love?"

"I'm sure of it. To your good health!"

But the health of this lovely girl was in no need of further toasts. Her pretty face did not require the enhancement of makeup or lipstick. An interior flame seemed to burn through the transparent skin.

That night I found it impossible to fall asleep. Was the Flemish girl sleeping? In any event it couldn't be very deeply because when I turned in my bed she immediately woke up.

"Aren't you asleep?" she asked.

"No, Judy."

"Neither am I. It must be the altitude. I'm not used to it. And it's so warm here!"

She was right. Our landlady wasn't saving on the coal. Without leaving my recumbent position I was aware that Judy had pushed the bedclothes away because I saw the gleam of her lovely nude legs, slightly spread open like a

compass.

I have said that our beds were placed end to end. My feet were therefore a few inches away from the girl's. I was bold enough to touch them. Judy withdrew; then, a few minutes later, as if she had fallen asleep, her feet in turn brushed against mine. Never has a caress aroused me as much as this deliberate, prolonged contact of Judy's feet with mine. A current seemed to come from them, its waves rising all the way to the base of my neck. And I could also feel her trembling.

How short that long winter night seemed to me! I was not accustomed to sleeping near a virgin who was in love with another man. But the thought that the future, and legitimate, master of so many charms was waiting up there in the mountain, stopped me from going any farther.

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Mankind Is Doomed

(Continued from page 27)

though she'll tell you that she only takes a job to help she and her husband afford the luxuries of life, she knows that she won't up and quit once they have them. Sure, she claims her husband is the boss and maybe in many things she gives in to his ranting and raving but if one were to analyze the times that the "little woman" bows to the "boss" they would probably find that the idea the husband was fighting for was one the woman implanted in his head long before he thought of it. Sure, she'll tell you it's a man's world. Why not? As long as she can lull man into a sense of well-being there isn't much she can't get away with. She'll also tell you it will remain a man's world, but in the back of her mind she knows it will not. She knows this because she damn well won't let it.

And she couldn't be more right!

Today, whether man knows it or not, he's in the middle of a social revolution. And, should he continue to remain complacent about it and go on thinking of woman as she was back in the dark ages when she came to him on the wedding day with a blush and a dowry, he's going to lose that revolution

and wake up one day in a world run by women.

And, considering the rapid strides woman has taken in recent years, that day is not too far off. To jolt man out of his complacency—if that is possible—let's just take a look at what the little woman has accomplished in the last thirty or forty years.

1. She has doubled her working number until today more than one third of all the jobs in the United States are held by women.

2. She has twice, to our knowledge, elected the president of the United States. (Although the sex of a voter is not recorded on our secret ballots, according to polls conducted by the American Heritage Foundation immediately after the 1952 and 1956 elections—which incidentally were the only such polls ever taken—52 and 54% of the ballots for Eisenhower were cast by women.) Add to this the fact that there are over two and a half million more women than men eligible to vote and it's easy to see that they have one helluva say in how things are going to be done in this country.

3. She has held governorships in six states (even in Texas where men are supposedly men) and right now she has 16 members in the United States legislature.

4. Two women have been Treasurer Of The United States and another was the first appointee to the newest cabinet post, Secretary Of Health Education And Welfare. We've had a woman as advisor to the president on civil defense and another as representative to the United Nations. There have been—and are—numerable women mayors, unaccountable judges, thousands of female members of state legislatures and not a few lady ambassadors.

5. There are well over ten thousand female executives running major corporations and, in the entertainment field it is the women who draw down the largest salaries.

6. Woman has a better formal education than man, 10.7 years to 9.9.

7. She outnumbers the male. Though there are more males born every year women overtake and pass them in the mid-20's. At present writ-

ing the female outnumber the male 100-98.

8. And, for no other reason than to prove that anything man can do woman can do, it was a woman, Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, who first went over Niagara Falls in a barrel and survived. She turned the trick way back in 1901.

To reach these goals woman began less than a century ago with a siege on that impregnable male fortress, the private universities. The schools of medicine, law, architecture, engineering, etc. Men tried to keep her out, they barred the doors against her but little by little, one by one, she infiltrated until finally, in 1942, Harvard University, man's last holdout, fell.

Since her siege on the schools woman has truly blazed a trail. And no matter how far he sticks his head in the sand, man cannot dispute this. Today woman is well on her way to running the whole kit and kaboodle. Most of her rights she has won by herself — frequently without approval from men — but more often against their most active opposition.

And if she's done all this in a man's world, just imagine what she'll do when she finally turns this old globe into a woman's world.

Of course, man will argue that that will never happen; that he is the stronger of the two sexes ergo if it comes down to a social struggle he will win out.

Once again he couldn't be more wrong!

First of all to win a war you have to realize you're in one. And man does not know that he is. Women have been so clever in gaining their ends that most men don't even know they've gained them. Secondly, mere physical force — and that's all man has going for him — is not the kind of force that is most effective, even in battle. The force of will, the force of intellect and the force of beauty are infinitely more important. And it has been in the latter mentioned that women have excelled down thru the ages. Certainly Eve didn't force the apple down Adam's throat nor did Esther use brute strength to save the Jews. It was Helen's beauty — not her muscles — that launched a thousand ships and it was Isabella's intellect that sent Columbus off in search of new worlds.



Certainly Delilah didn't hold Samson down while she gave him a shave and a haircut and it wasn't mere physical force that made Eleanor Of Aquitaine the only monarch in history to rule both France and England. Wallis Warfield Simpson didn't force Edward to give up an empire nor did Ovita Culp Hobby browbeat the president into appointing her Secretary of Health Education And Welfare. And it is quite evident that Lady MacBeth is not as physically strong as her husband but she *does* play a much more commanding role in the tragedy.

And like Lady MacBeth women, more and more, are using men to further their own aims. It was man who invented the labor saving devices — vacuum cleaners, electric mixers, frozen foods, self polishing waxes, canned goods, et al — that took away the drudgery of housework and gave woman the one thing she needed — time. With all of these "gadgets" going for her woman gradually moved out of the kitchen until today it's virtually impossible to get her buck. And this

mass exodus from the home created quite a void. Since woman was on equal footing with man in the factory, in the office, and in the government there was no one left to do the housework. Certainly after a hard day at the office the wife wasn't going to come home and do all the work. Consequently man, more and more, has been gradually drawn into shouldering the responsibility of keeping the home. The roles of man and woman are gradually changing. And the rotten part of the whole thing is that man doesn't even know it's happening. His head is stuck so far in the sand that he doesn't realize that in the last twenty or thirty years he's taken on more and more feminine responsibility and relinquished more and more male responsibility.

And it's starting to show. So much so that according to Dr. Perry Talkington, noted psychiatrist from Dallas, Texas, 38% of all the males turned down at armed forces induction centers are sent home because of "emotional inadaptability" to military life

and many more were medically discharged for the same reason. "Most of them were emasculated males," says Dr. Talkington, "they wanted to depend on somebody else. Instead of giving and protecting, they wanted to be protected. They had never learned to accept responsibility — somewhere they had lost the male image."

And, while we're on the subject of man's "emotional inadaptability" to the armed forces, let's look at woman's adaptability and let's not forget — though it may wound what little is left of the male ego — that it was the weaker sex who played a very large part in winning the last war. The United

States, Great Britain and Russia mobilized their women. Germany, Italy and Japan did not. The results speak for themselves.

No matter where you look today you will find that women have infiltrated. In every profession from African Hunting guide to isolating the atom; from the U. S. Army to going over Niagara Falls in a barrel; from the executive suite to the assembly line, women have made their mark.

Just where it will end isn't known. But instead of realizing he's in a struggle for survival and doing all he can to offset it man is doing everything he can to defeat his own cause. He is on

the verge of making himself expendable. Just recently *male* scientists found that they could raise chickens and turkeys from unfertilized eggs, that is, without benefit of a male turkey or chicken. They called it Parthenogenesis. But instead of forgetting about it and letting well enough alone, these same males are now experimenting with some of the higher vertebrates such as rabbits.

If they succeed God only knows where it will all end, but in the light of all that is happening it's not inconceivable to think that one day a little girl will turn to her mother and ask, "Mommy what were men?" —A—

How To Tell . . . The Wills From The Won'ts

(Continued from page 37)

made. There's no profit in letting your youth fly away on the wings of bad guesses.

No, you've got to KNOW. You've got to be sure. You must be positive. You owe it to yourself.

OK, we've established the urgent necessity of knowing how to tell the Wills from the Won'ts. There remains only the fine art of picking-up to be explained.

Obviously, this isn't a simple matter. It is an art, or a science, if you will, which requires practice. But there are certain guideposts which can be of immense help in this worthy project. These are, individually, not positive; but taken as a group they are virtually infallible.

In order of importance, these guideposts are:

1. Nostrils.
2. Dress.
3. Feet.
4. Figure.
5. Eyes.
6. Hands.
7. Friends.

Let's look at these — the so-called "Saving Seven" — individually.

1. *Nostrils*. This may seem strange, to the uninitiated. You may well ask, "Who looks at a tomato's nostrils?" Well, the answer is simple — the Indians look at a girl's nostrils. And did you ever see a blue Indian? They're always with girls.

One famous Indian operator, Big Chief (j.g.) Sitting Lap had this to say about nostrils in his famous book, "Hunting Palefaces and Squaws For Fun and Profit:"

"See-um squaw who looks like she could breath-um fire, you got something. See-um squaw who looks like she could breath-um poison gas, you got nothing. Ugh."

When you see a girl, put an imaginary mask over her face, with the exception of the nose. Cover the eyes, which can look one way and feel another. Cover the mouth which can be painted to be completely misleading. Concentrate on the nostrils which cannot but breathe the truth.

Do they look like they could breathe fire? Do they look like the nostrils of some wild, savage being — or the nostrils of a prim, proper prude? For the nostrils are the best key to the woman; they cannot be masked or cosmeticked; they are what nature put there. And the ones that look like they could breathe fire are the ones you want. They are hooked on to a girl who could breathe fire.

Of course, this takes practice. The first few times you may think you've spotted a fire-breather and wind up with a girl who isn't so hot. As examples for study, consider the nostrils of such notorious fire-breathers as Loren, Ekberg, Monroe, Bardot. Those are fine, upstanding, fire-breathing nostrils.

2. *Dress*. It isn't so much what a girl has on, but what she hasn't. And how she's wearing what she has.

Now, obviously, you can't go up to a girl and say, "Pardon me, miss, but exactly what have you got on under that dress?"

But there's nothing to prevent you from looking for the tell-tale signs of the presence of corsets (wriggling, scratching) or girdles (wriggling, scratching) or other forms of armament which indicate that all is not what it seems on the surface. And a girl who goes in for one form of sham will quite naturally go in for others. The minute you spot an armament-wearer, beware.

The outside shell — the dress — is sometimes indicative, too. It isn't so much what it is, but how it's worn. The amateur wolf immediately assumes that a girl with a low-cut dress is automatically a wild one. Would that it were so! But note for signs of embarrassment — the continual tugging upward around the bodice, the donning of a shawl or scarf "because it's a little chilly," the desire to sit in a dark corner away from bright lights. All these show a girl who's somewhat ashamed of her bare flesh; chances are Mama made her wear it in the hopes she could snag off a husband.

On the other hand, there is the girl in the same kind of dress, but who obviously revels in its sparse material, who delights in showing off her curves,

who displays eagerly what she's got. That's the one for you!

There's also a subtle relationship between a girl's availability and the color of the dress she chooses. Even she may not be aware of this, but ask any good psychologist and he'll tell you this is so. Cool colors — blue, green — indicate a cool personality. Warm colors — red, yellow — indicate a warm personality. A girl who wears a red skirt and blue blouse is obviously split down the middle. Depending on which half is warm, you're in business.

3. *Feet*. Only the true expert pick-up picker notices feet. It's rather difficult to use this guidepost, but, if you once fathom its tricky meaning, you'll find it infallible. In fact, there are some veterans in the trade who swear by feet as the best way of separating the Wills from the Won'ts.

It is simply this: a girl with flat feet, or aching feet, is one who spends too much time vertical and not enough time horizontal. Who, after all, wants a girl who's always standing up? You want one whose feet don't take too much of a beating.

That is the truth. The problem is how to find out if a girl has flat feet. One cannot go up to a girl and say, "Hey, there, miss, how goes it with your feet?" One has to be more subtle.

One good approach is to say, "Hey there, miss, you look like you could use a rest — your feet must be killing you — let's sit this one out." If she agrees that yes, her feet are killing her, beat a hasty retreat. If she says no, her feet don't hurt, you've got yourself a date.

4. *Figure*. Too many men put all their reliance and trust in a girl's figure. If she's full-blown and curvaceous, they immediately assume she's a sex-pot. Nothing could be more erroneous. A girl's figure is something nature gave her; her mind and personality are her own creations. They are completely independent entities.

You'll find some girls whose figures would make Gina Lollobrigida look like Rory Calhoun. And yet they are as frigid as the North Pole on Tuesday night. Other girls, who are built along the general lines of Wally Cox, can be as warm and inviting as a tropical summer night. So there's no relationship between figures, as such, and

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"I just hope you haven't taken any of your silly tranquilizer pills tonight!"

availability — you may find a 39-20-35 babe a misfit, while a 28-23-27 gal measures up.

But there is one tipoff on the desirability that can be used, based on form and figure. And that is what experts call the "Hip Constant." Much scientific research has proved that if there is less than six inches difference between the waist measurement and hip measurement, the girl is bound to be hard to pick-up. In other words, a 34-24-34 figure is fine, but a 34-29-34 is danger.

It is often difficult to establish these figures, but there's no end of fun trying. The research, in itself, can be satisfying.

5. *Eyes.* As noted earlier, eyes can be tricky things. They often can look one thing, mean another. So use this guidepost only with the greatest of care.

Sometimes, a pair of eyes can look so inviting and express so much passion you want to take off your shoes and dive into them. And, when you get there, you find you're inside a dust bowl.

But, nevertheless, eyes that have no expression will indicate a dull, passionless girl. In other words, when you see passion in an expression, it may or may not mean anything; when you see a complete lack of passion, it DOES mean what you see.

This, then, is a negative guidepost. You can rule out plenty of females by quickly dropping the ones without a passionate look. If you do see such a look, you must continue your investigations.

6. *Hands.* Again, this is a negative guidepost. It helps to eliminate a lot of poor risks.

It is the rings on the hands which concern us. Or the lack of rings. There is a little table, prepared by Duncan Fife, an eminent man in the field of statistical romance, which can be of help here:

<i>Ring Presence</i>	<i>Meaning</i>
No rings at all.	Nothing.
Engagement ring only.	Stay away, Joe.
Wedding ring only.	Nothing.

Wedding and Engagement.	Nothing.
Brass knuckles.	Run for your very life.
Elks or Masonic ring.	You're in the wrong hall.

For practical purposes, all Fife's Table can do for you is point out that an engaged girl is generally a poor risk. She is in the first flush of romance and ordinarily will be negative. Some purists also prefer to skip married women, as indicated by the presence of wedding rings. Others consider them open invitations. Here you'll have to satisfy yourself.

7. *Friends.* Judge a girl by those with her. This is almost infallible. If your target and her cronies sit primly in the corner, knitting or gossiping, steer clear. These are old maids in their formative stage.

If, on the other hand, they're having a ball, drinking and telling off-color stories, come closer and check the other signs.

As you get older, and have less time to waste, you may find it valuable to apply all the preceding six guideposts to your target's friends, too. Chances are if her friends also sail through the tests with flying off-colors, you've hit pay dirt. You might even bring some friends for her friends, almost guaranteeing them a profitable evening.

Suppose your target passes all the other tests, but her friends are obviously thuds? Well, there is just the barest chance that she is one of those girls who knows her weakness, is afraid of it, and thus surrounds herself with thuddy friends — much like buffer states — in an effort to ward off the inevitable. So you might proceed with your attack. There is also the chance that she is one of those freaks who, even though she passes all the tests, really is a thud at heart and belongs with her friends. You'll have to weigh the risk in your own mind and take your chances accordingly.

Suppose your target flunks the other six tests, but her friends all pass them? Better pick one of the friends.

Those, then, are the saving seven. Use them wisely and you'll be a better and happier man.

And, if all else fails, the test supreme remains — ask somebody who's been out with her.

All Well Served

(Continued from page 47)

"That I believe, but at any rate he has been all alone for more than two hours. It must be very lonely. I beg you, my dear, to go back to him again and make excuses for me, and stay with him. May the devil take the people who keep me here!"

"I will do what you please, Madame, but it seems to me that he loves you so much that you have no need to make excuses. Also, if I go you will have no maid here, and perhaps Monseigneur may ask for me and I shall not be available."

"Trouble not," said the lady. "I will manage if he asks for you. But it vexes me that my friend should be alone. Go and see what he is doing, I beg."

"Since you wish it, I will go," said the maid.

That she was pleased with her errand need not be told, though to conceal her willingness she had made excuses to her mistress. She came to the Knight, who was still waiting, and said to him:

"Monseigneur, Madame has sent me to you again to make her excuses for keeping you waiting so long, and to tell you how vexed she is."

"You may tell her," said he, "that she may come at her leisure, and not to hurry on my account, for you can take her place."

With that he kissed and cuddled her, and did not suffer her to depart till he had tumbled her twice, which was not too much trouble for him, for he was young and vigorous, and fond of the sport.

The maid bore it all willingly, and would have been glad to have the same luck often, if she could without prejudice to her mistress.

When she was about to leave, she begged the Knight to say nothing to her mistress.

"Have no fear," said he.

Then she returned to her mistress who asked what her friend was doing?

"He is still awaiting you," the maid replied.

"But is he not vexed and angry?" inquired the lady.

"No," said the maid, "since he had

company. He is much obliged to you for having sent me, and if he often had to wait he would like to have me talk to him to pass the time. And faith, I should like nothing better for he is the pleasantest man I ever talked to. Heavens knows that it was good to hear him curse the folks who detained you. All except Monseigneur. He would say nothing against him."

Faith! I wish that he and all his company were in the river, so that I could get away."

In due time Monseigneur sent his servants away, retired to his chamber, undressed and went to bed. Madame, clad only in a petticoat, put on her nightdress, took her prayer-book and began to say her psalms and paternosters.

**Before going to war say a prayer;
before going to sea say two
prayers; before marrying say
three prayers.**

— Prayerb

But Monseigneur, who was as wide awake as a rat, noticed how pretty his wife looked. He was anxious for a little conversation and wished Madame to put off saying her prayers till the morrow.

"Pardon me," she replied, "but I cannot talk to you now. My prayers come first. Nothing would go right in the house all week if I did not give God what little praise I can."

"What is the use of saying all those prayers," mumbled Monseigneur. Leave that business to the priests. So come to me, my beloved. Am I not right, Jehannette?" he added, addressing the maid.

"Monseigneur," she replied, "I do not know what to say, except that as Madame is accustomed to serve God, let her do so."

"There, there," said Madame to her husband. "I see well that you want to argue and I wish to finish my prayers, so we shall not agree. I will leave

Jehannette to talk to you, and will go to my chapel."

Monseigneur was satisfied, and Madame went off at a full gallop to her friend the Knight, who received her with great joy, and the honor that he did her was to tumble her down several times.

But whilst Madame was thus occupied, her husband begged Jehannette, who was keeping him company to grant him her favors. By his promises and fine words the maid was induced to obey, and once again she found this sport not unpleasant.

Having had his will several times, Monseigneur began to feel weary and told the lass to retire to her own bed-chamber, under the eaves.

Meanwhile Madame, having engaged in all kinds of pleasant games with the Knight, remembered that Monseigneur was still awaiting her. She kissed her lover tenderly for the last time that night, sent him on his way, and galloped back to her husband.

"I have finished saying my prayers," she told him. "and I am now ready to do your bidding."

But Monseigneur was so weary that he could hardly keep his eyes open.

"You said your prayers at such length tonight," he murmured. "that I now desire only to go to sleep. Let us both do so."

"Very well," said Madame. Since she too was weary from the sport, she had only proposed indulging her husband out of politeness, and was indeed glad she could now rest peacefully.

She climbed into the big feather bed beside Monseigneur, turned her back to him, and in no time they were in deep slumber.

When the moon peeked in through the window, it illuminated the smiling faces of both Monseigneur and Madame who appeared to be having pleasant dreams.

And up in the room under the eaves, the fair maid was smiling too in her sleep.

Be A Playboy On \$50.00 Per Week!

(Continued from page 7)

— once again just suppose — she *did* slip our hero a flashing smile and a come hither look. Would Mr. Average Joe return the smile, haul out a gold cigarette case, offer her a perfumed Turkish cigarette and ask her if she'd like to go for a spin in his sports car? Would he suggest an intimate French dinner with candlelight and wine? Would he propose that they pop over to his apartment and listen to the hi-fi while he concocted a curry in the kitchen?

No!

He'd do none of those things.

Chances are that when he ogled the Gardner's daughter his jaw would hit his knees, his eyes would *boinnng!* out of his head and instead of suggesting a jaunt in his Jaguar, he'd probably stand there making noises like a ferry boat with a muted foghorn on a stormy night.

And therein lies the trouble with Mr. Average Joe. He just doesn't have the wherewithal. He couldn't offer the doll a perfumed Turkish cigarette because he wouldn't have one and, chances are, wouldn't have the remotest idea of how to get one. He couldn't take her for a ride because his crash and carry convertible would not be presentable enough for a peasant much less a princess. The only French food he'd have even a nodding acquaintance with would be French fries. Candlelight he'd use only when he forgot to pay the light bill and as far as inviting the gal up to the apartment is concerned, well, the joint would probably look like a backdrop for Tobacco Road and, no doubt, the only food he'd be able to whip up would be pork and beans and instant coffee.

What we are trying to say is simply this. Since the Average American thinks it costs plenty of pesos to be a playboy he just gives up. He quits. He takes second best and makes do.

Well, he doesn't have to!

He doesn't have to because any guy possessing the normal amount of features, appendages and intelligence could have offered Ava any or all of

the above mentioned items *and he could have done it on no more than \$50.00 per week.*

Just a little research and fifty bucks per week is all it takes for any guy to bat in the same league with any playboy in the world.

Yes, even you, dear reader, could do it!

Now when we say \$50.00 per week we assume that you are the "Average Joe" who makes somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100.00 per week; we also assume that after normal living expenses are deducted you still have the aforementioned \$50.00 for nothing but purposes of pleasure. And, we further assume, that you're willing to spend it on just that.

But before we start cutting up your pleasure-bent fifty let's take a look at that *practical* fifty. With this you have to pay your bills. Your rent, your food, your clothing, your car, your telephone, and all such jazz. And, since you've got to pay these bills no matter what, we suggest that you make this fifty work for you also.

To begin with, your apartment. Now the neighborhood in which you live doesn't make a helluva lot of difference. (Some well known playboys have digs in the worst sections of the city) but the inside of your apartment *does* make a big difference. It's got to be comfy, cozy and conducive to capers. It doesn't have to be lavishly and expensively decorated but it should be done with taste. Paint is cheap. So are drapes if you choose the right materials. Expensive looking furniture can be bought reasonably and a record player — it doesn't have to be a hi-fi — is *de rigueur*. If you can't afford to purchase one for cash buy it on time.

We stress a neat, comfortable apartment because that fifty you spend on being a *bon-vivant* will be completely wasted if you've got no place to take a maid once you've got her in the mood. Sure, guys have been known to make out in vestibules and hallways, in garden swings and on scenic-railways, in the back seats of Cadillacs

and on the bonnet (that's hood in British) of an MG, but those were rare cases. Comfort is still one of the largest contributing factors in the game of love. So if you want to be a playboy you've got to have a presentable playground to bring your playmate to.

So much for your apartment. Now let's take up the matter of transportation. Since you're working on a budget taxi cabs are out of the question. You've got to have a car. A *sports car*. Now don't get excited. Ever hear of a playboy driving a Chevrolet? Besides, used sports cars cost no more than American cars. And the beauty of a used sports car is the fact that they look just like the newer models. A 1951 Jaguar, for instance — to the untrained eye — doesn't look any different than a 1955 or a 1958 model. As far as paying for it is concerned, well, if you are really an Average Joe you already own a car on which you are making monthly payments. So, just turn in the old and purchase the new, making sure that the payments are no higher than the ones you're already making. That way the sports car costs you nothing. Oh, it may take a little longer to get it paid up but that will be more than worth the effort the first time the reigning town beauty climbs into it and coos, "Oh Boswell, I think your little car is simply deee-vine!"

What you wear in this business of being a playboy is your own business. Just bear in mind, however, that quiet, conservative clothes *look* expensive even if they are not. (And you can always rip out the inexpensive label.)

And now that we've got that practical fifty pretty well taken care of, let's start cutting up the pleasure-bent-half-a-C-note.

Like everything else being a playboy takes preparation. And, as there are certain requisites necessary to being a sophisticated man-about-town your first week's supply of cash will be spent acquiring the following:

1. A gold (filled) cigarette lighter.
(A playboy using a match is

simply unheard of.) Cost, about \$15.00.

2. A gold (filled) cigarette case. Cost, about \$20.00.

3. A gold (filled) key for the sports car. Cost, about \$6.00.

With these fancy items to flash around any other jewelry you wear — even if it's solid brass — will be taken for granted to be gold.

Anything left from this fifty should be spent on miscellaneous items like "off brand" imported cigarettes — if your local tobacconist doesn't carry them a short letter to Nat Sherman, New York City, will bring you a complete catalogue.

It's also advisable, though not entirely necessary — to have exotic foods in your kitchen. Things like bumblebees in honey, Rattlesnake Pate, chocolate covered grasshoppers, Sautéed ants, and the like. You don't have to eat the damned things but it does make quite an impression — while bending over a hefty honey and staring down her low cut bodice — to say, "Care for a creamed antelope tail, My dear?"

Your second week as a playboy will be spent strictly in research. So will the second fifty. You've got to know the intimate restaurants that serve good food along with candlelight and wine, at reasonable prices. So it follows that you've got to hustle your hindquarters and find them. If you live in or around a big city this shouldn't be too difficult. If you live in the sticks — move!

In searching out your cellars of assignation scout places ten or fifteen miles outside the city limits. Even fifty miles isn't too far to go since that sports car you're driving will eat up the distance in no time at all.

We suggest out of town places because: 1) it gives you a good chance to show off your machine (that's sports car talk for sports car), 2) it's a well known fact that dolls just love to drive in the moonlight in an open car with the wind blowing thru their hair and, 3) while you're driving you aren't spending a dime.

Now we come to the question of prices. In New York, where the standard of living is probably as high as any place in the country, there are plenty of intimate French, Italian, Chinese and sea food restaurants where "vit-

bles" served to the accompaniment of violins can be purchased for as little as \$2.50 per person. These joints serve food cheap because they figure to make their money on drinks. So, be smart. When you give the waiter your cocktail order give him your dinner order too. This way you won't have time for more than one drink before the appetizer. If, however, your date finishes her drink before dinner is served and asks for another just look disdainfully down your nose and say something like, "My dear, are you sure you want another, we're having wine with dinner, you know!"

Unless she's a crawling-up-the-walls alcoholic this will stop her in mid-gulp. If she is a crawling-up-the-walls alcoholic, what the hell are you doing buying her food, in the first place?



Once you find one or two bases of operation, make your presence known. Single out the maitre d', give him your name, tell him you're expecting guests and will be at the bar. If he's any good at his job he'll remember you. And the next time you come in with a cuddly cutie clinging to the crook of your arm he'll be sure to say, "Oh good evening Mr. Snodgrass (If your name happens to be Snodgrass), good to see you again."

Being known by headwaiters always makes quite an impression.

While scouting the restaurants it's also a good idea to find a few good drinking places too. Places with dim lights, reasonable prices and cool music to saturate the atmosphere. There are lots of these but try to find one about ten or fifteen miles from



the restaurant. Remember, while you are driving you aren't spending. And, another thing, after dinner it's always a good idea to give the gal a little thrill. That little bug you're driving will do over a hundred so, open her up. Give the doll a bit of a scare. Make her pulse pound. Make her look upon you as a devil-may-care Romeo. She'll love it. And, if all works well, by the time you get to the intimate little cocktail lounge she's gonna think you are quite a guy.

Now that you've got all the necessary equipment and know all the right places there's only a few more minor points to be observed. Don't worry, these things don't cost a dime.

When you take a doll wining and dining use the dinner time to find out all you can about her. What kind of perfume she likes — (if it's one of the more expensive varieties, forget it. If it's cheap, file it away for when you want to send her a present). Find out her favorite flower, (since Sinatra re-

corded *Violets For Your Furs* you'd be surprised at how many gals go for them. The violets, that is. And you'd also be surprised at how cheap they are). Remember all of the doll's inexpensive weaknesses and discard the expensive one. If you want to be a playboy you've got to act like one and to act like one you've got to send presents. Since you can't afford diamonds or minks you've got to make a little go a long way.

Another thing: When it comes to tipping, take it easy. It's the doll you want to woo — not the waiter. Your budget can't stand too much of a strain.

When you talk about yourself hint at a wealthy family. Don't say it in so many words but get across the idea that you're a black sheep. Women love cads. All you have to do is lie a little; the doll will lie a lot to herself. Dames are suckers for romance.

Last, but far from least, we come to the places you can go and the things you can do that go a long way to create

an impression, but don't cost a dime.

In most big cities, cocktail parties — some of them real knock-down-drag-out soirées — are thrown daily by large corporations. These are usually held in plush hotels and are not hard to find as the hotels are always kind enough to list any and all activities on tell-tale bulletin boards in their lobbies. And, since most of the buyers and/or customers and/or executives for whom these parties are thrown come from all over the country, it's very easy for a well-dressed playboy to sashay in with his wench, and grab a hot hors d'oeuvre and a cocktail. In between gulps and bites he can convince his date and any one who happens to be interested that he's the eastern distributor of the Sta-Sharp, Highly Honed, Stainless Steel Heroin Needle. Matter of fact, if he's been doing his homework right the doll will convince herself that he's one of the major stockholders.

Big weddings are also great for free-loading. Half the people don't know the other half. The bride's entourage will think you're one of the groom's friends and the groom's friends will think vice-versa.

You'll note that in this Primer for Poor Playboys we haven't touched on the subject of how to meet a minx or how to woo a wench once you've met one. We haven't because first it would take a tome much larger than this one to go into all that, and second, we figured that since you want to be a playboy you must have a few playmates of your own in mind.

If you haven't than what in hell are you reading this for?

So now, if you've been paying attention, you're all set for your first conquest.

Now when you think of playboys your mind no longer conjures up images of guys like Tommy Manville or Rafael Trujillo, Jr., or Ali Khan or Rubirosa. Now you realize that playboys don't have to have a lot of money. And now, supposing, just supposing, you headed for the local bar and found a real sweet, sophisticated tomato on the next stool. And supposing, just supposing, she flashed you a winsome smile and a come-hither look.

Would you return the smile, haul out a gold cigarette case, offer her a

perfumed Turkish butt and ask if she'd like to go for a spin in your sports car? Would you suggest an intimate French dinner with candlelight and wine? Would you propose that you pop over to your apartment and listen to the hi-fi while you concocted a curry in the

kitchen?

You would! You most certainly would!

But what would you do after you finished eating the curry?

That, Mr. Average Joe, is another story. Read next month's installment

Love For Rent

(Continued from page 31)

I am your slave." I bowed gallantly, (the way Charles Boyer did long ago when a kid of forty-five. I only) and hoped I wasn't putting it on too thick.

I wasn't. Her false eyelashes fluttered like window shades captured by the wind, and a million tiny cracks appeared in the paint job as her mouth formed what, fifteen years ago, would have been a smile. "Oh, how perfectly perfect!" The voice was like the mouth—cracked. "I just *knew* you'd be the Continental type!"

Naturally she knew. She had asked for the Continental type.

What she didn't know was that, only the night before, I'd been the tough-talking caveman type, and last week I'd been the sedate college professor type. Next week—who could tell? I might get a crew cut and act like one of my own students.

No, I'm not a white slaver, a pimp or a procurer. I'm not even an insurance agent or a cop. I'm a writer. And I'm lucky when I have an expense account big enough to satisfy six hungry dates in a row. Like now. Here's the pitch:

About two months ago the editor of JEM called and said, "I want you to get married—practically. We'll make it the lead story in the magazine."

An hour later I had the lowdown on what was to be a very diverting assignment. Here is what the editor told me: First of all, there exists throughout the bigger cities a segment of society called Marriage Brokers. I personally think this is a charitable term, but since the connubial brokerage business is a legitimate one, I can't use my choice of terms on pain of law suit. Anyway, the marriage brokers work this way. They set up an office—often a hole in the wall, sometimes only a telephone-and-

desk space, occasionally a plushy suite. Their advertisements follow a line of, "Meet the mate of your dreams—dignified, confidential, memorable services that may bring you lifelong happiness—introductions guaranteed—cheap!"

"Cheap" we'll describe (some) of these operators—and I'm not talking of money. As for *that*, you'll pay from \$50 to \$200 for the works. This consists of a number of introductions to people of "your own background, likes, dislikes, moods, personality—the kind of person you'd like to spend your life with."

JEM's editor pointed his horn-rimmed glasses at me. "I understand that the majority of those marriage brokerage outfits are on the up and up," he said. "I also know that some ought to have a red light burning over their doorway. What I want to find out is, what's the *average*. Also, who goes to such places?"

"And," I said, "you want me to be a guinea pig?"

"Right. Give yourself several identities, find out how much checking they do, questions asked, so forth. Get a general sampling of what the customer can expect for his money."

I started to leave again, paused at the door. "What if one of my dates decides that I am what *she* expects for her money?"

He grinned. "No matter what happens, don't charge it to your expense account!"

I got to work the very next day. In the afternoon I called Social Intro, Inc. which is situated in midtown Manhattan and whose name is not quite that. A routine voice answered; I made an appointment. An hour later I climbed two flights of rickety stairs. The lettering on the frosted glass door looked like Scotch tape that could be

when we take up the subject of the playboy at home in his playpen.

If you have any trouble getting the gal to wait that long, offer her a married mongoose molar and tell her all about your wealthy family. —a

peeled off for a quick getaway. Inside, the owner of the well-baked voice handed me a questionnaire. "Fill this out, please—then I'll show you to Mr. Forsythe." As though I were on exhibit.

The form had the same questions as might an employment agency's application. At the bottom was a space labeled: "What do you like? What are your hobbies?" I wrote simply, "Girls."

Mr. Forsythe proved to be a huge, fleshy individual with a booming voice and a lot of little red lines radiating out from his nose. He didn't waste much time, although he did a mild double take at that "Girls" I'd written on the application. I knew that any reputable outfit purporting to protect its clients would certainly delve into this sort of hanky-panky. But Mr. Forsythe merely chuckled slyly and winked, as one gay old dog to another. "Well, fixing to change your ways at long last, eh? Decided to settle down, eh?"

I grinned back and winked, like the gay old dog of 32 that I am, and said, "You know how it is—after a while you sort of run out of gas, eh? I'm here to refuel, so to speak."

Mr. Forsythe's smile seemed a little strained by now. He said, "Now, remember, pal"—up until now it had been "Mr. Schmidt," now it was pal—"we want to keep our spotless reputation with the police, so go easy, okay? I mean, play is safe, right?"

I nudged him intimately and winked. "Right, pal. I'll be a regular little old Lord Fauntleroy."

I left. "It may take a while to line up something suited to your tastes," Mr. Forsythe said at the door, "but inside of a few days, we'll have something for you, don't worry."

His gal Friday gave me a call early that very evening. "Maybe this is too

sudden, Mr. Schmidt," she said, "but I just happened to come upon this lady's file, and —"

Two hours later I was at the third floor walkup of a Miss Rita Baron. Miss Baron, according to the short dossier given me by the gal Friday, was 36, an inch taller than I, had the physical endowments desired by me, and loved all manner of sports.

She opened the door. "Come in, Mr. Schmidt! They called up about you. Goodness, I've not even a chance to dress yet! You won't mind waiting a brief while, will you, honey?"

I was thankful that I'd had the foresight to down two martinis at dinner instead of the one. It gave me the courage to walk through that door. For Miss Baron was indeed 36 — around the waist. As for her age, it must have approached 50 — or gone right past it. She was an inch taller than I — when I stood on tiptoe. She was quite right about not having had time to dress. She'd barely had time to throw on her dressing gown — bath robe, if you prefer. An ill-fitting thing, the garment hung loosely about her long limbs and sagged scandalously in the front. She kept pulling it up with nervous little movements that were completely ineffective.

I sat down. I had to. Miss Baron asked if I'd like some tea — or maybe a drink. I made a bet with myself that the only thing she would have in the house would be gin. I was right.

As she dressed in the only other room, I sipped my gin and water. A moment later, Rita — I felt I could call her Rita by now, or even Mabel, or Sadie, or Marge — stuck her head into the doorway. There was enough, beside her head, for me to see that she was not yet dressed. Apparently, all she had done was remove the robe. "Since it's past dinnertime, Mr. Schmidt, suppose we don't go out anywhere. Maybe we could spend the evening here at home, nice and quiet and cozy. We can watch TV or something — huh?"

Well, men, I don't want to draw out the whole agonizing affair. Enough to say that I hung around for about an hour. The most important thing I got out of Rita was the answer to why she paid \$50 to a marriage broker.

By this time she was sad enough to be frank about it. A part of gin made

her that sad, plus the fact that she knew I was there on business. Mine, not hers. "Look at it this way. I'm no chicken anymore, right? It's pretty tough for me to meet anybody, and I refuse to be a charwoman or maid, by God. So I pay a couple of those bums fifty bucks. Then send me enough guys — no questions asked — to keep me out of the grave for awhile longer. Most of the guys are at least as old as I am. They want attention, a little sympathy, a little listening to. They want somebody to tell them they're not really failures — that they just didn't get the breaks. Most of them know the truth, but it helps if they're told a lie, 'specially if you can do it so it sounds sincere." Rita laughed shortly. "I can do it. I been doing it to myself for twenty years now." She looked up. "You sure you don't want to stay awhile longer, honey? You're the youngest man I've talked to for six months."

She was still wearing the bath robe. As though trained for its job, it fell open at that point. Rita didn't move a muscle. I patted her hand. "Good luck, Rita." I slipped a ten-spot between her fingers and then I left her there, sitting on the bed. She didn't look up as I closed the door. She was pouring herself the last of the gin.

My second Social Intro was quite different. I suppose it was more typical of the mass of poor, simple, complicated, lonely, bereaved, empty and lost souls that give the marriage brokers their reason for existence. She was an ex-school teacher now working as a secretary for a ball bearing manufacturer. Her name was Millicent (I swear it!) Pennybarch (I changed that one slightly) and she was a chunky little hunk of plain forgetability. I spent about ten hours with Millicent, and if I were to meet her on the street tomorrow I would not recognize her. I hope not, anyway.

Unlike Rita, this one was no hardened pro. She was strictly a man-hungry little dame who had been short-changed in the looks and guts departments. She had no looks, that is, and she didn't have the guts to make the most of what she did have. She was a lot higher, socially, than Rita. When she finally gets her husband — which I'm sure she'll do — she will become a pillar of her little patch of middle class society.

She was so typical of the marriage brokers' clients that she could be the

pattern for 70 percent of them. The nicer ones. Yes, I must admit that the majority of those who frequent the dingy stairways and holes in the wall of the brokers are, above all, decent people. Loneliness is not a vice; shyness is not a crime; and the desire to love and be loved is not something to jeer at. These people are invariably short on one or both of these two things — looks and courage. Always courage. They have had a rough childhood, in most cases, been laughed at for their skinniness, fatness, faulty complexion, big nose — something that arouses the jibes of the unfeeling. Since they also lack courage, they turn the jibes inward, like stilettos, to penetrate their already deflated little egos. The tiny explosion that results leaves them, at maturity — physical maturity — pretty sad replicas of human beings. Once in a great while they make it good, because of a talent that even they cannot deny. These, who are not failures financially and economically, are perhaps the saddest of all.

About forty percent of these essentially unhappy people marry. Some of them — but not many, I'm sure — work out well. A marriage born of misery rarely rises far above that state. Not for long. However, for the level-headed few who know exactly what they want and have decided that a marriage broker is the only place they'll find it, it sometimes works. Because they will be content to wait for someone who's just as level-headed as themselves.

How, I asked each of the marriage brokers I applied to, is business? In either jovial or somber tones, depending on their sensibility, they admitted that business was fine. At two places I didn't kid around with any false ignity. One of the brokers clammed up at once, obviously scared to death of publicity. The other, one of the better ones, was quite frank. This Mr. Semple confessed that he didn't brag to his neighbors about what he did from nine to five.

"However," he went on (he was a far cry from Mr. Forsythe), "I've done some soul-searching and I've drawn some conclusions. Ten years ago I was a camp director; it was a camp for young adults, in the Adirondacks. Some of the things I saw go on there made even me pretty ill, and I'm not the squeamish type. I finally made the rules so strict hardly anybody would come to the camp. I had to sell out. What else could I go into at my

age, 55? It was either starve or use my head. Being an extrovert, I hit upon this racket. Believe me, all you need to get started is a two-by-four office, a telephone, a string of ads in the papers and cheaper magazines, and a tough stomach. Now — to keep going, that's another thing! A lot of people start, only the harder ones make a success of it."

"What," I asked, "is the *sine qua non* of success as a marriage broker?" He knew what *sine qua non* meant, a point in his favor.

"The tough stomach. That plus an endless — and believable — gift of gab, plus —" He waved a hand as though erasing a word from an invisible blackboard. "No — those are important, but I think the *most* essential thing is a knowledge of people. You've got to know your man — or woman. You've got to know what makes people — these more unfortunate types of people — tick. This way, you can lead them on, you can get their hundred bucks, you can find their match, and you can keep them on the string."

"No, my conscience doesn't kill me. It bothers me, sometimes, but it doesn't kill me. If it did I'd be back at the summer camp. The really hopeless cases, I assure you, I try to persuade to go elsewhere."

Mr. Semple knit his brows thoughtfully. He was about to give out with the crux of his argument. "These poor souls," he said slowly, and with real compassion, "are doomed, most of them, to the most unhappy future possible — a future without love. I know I can't change that future in more than a few scattered cases. But I can at least hold it back for a little while. Or I can put a thin coat of pretty paint on it. Or I can put a curtain in front of it. In other words, if I were not around, some of these people might be even more unhappy. It's this thought that keeps me going."

I learned something about human beings on this assignment. I learned about a few who weren't, too. But most of all I learned that, so long as most of the marriage brokers feel the way Mr. Semple does — and I think that they do — then for the most part they are performing a needed service for a certain strata of society. They will have to continue their services — until we have enough psychiatrists to go around.

The Blonde in the Bedroom

(Continued from page 60)

It had stopped snowing the next morning when our landlady came in to open our windows. A sparkling sun was gilding the slopes of the Arlberg.

"Good weather has returned," the Austrian woman said happily. "The tracks to Vienna have been cleared."

"Then to Zurs also?" asked Mlle. Sleepers.

"Certainly, Madame."

It seemed to me that the girl was not reacting to this news with as much joy as would have been justified. She glanced at me with a look that was somewhat furtive, a little ironical, a little compassionate. As soon as the landlady had left she started to get dressed.

This time I did not turn away but watched her, thinking that this was the last time I was to see this beautifully sculptured body. All of a sudden she let down her long hair and it cascaded over her nude shoulders. From this hair, from her skin there came an intoxicating perfume. I breathed it in deeply.

At lunchtime, as she was about to go to the phone booth, I detained her: "Doesn't your fiancé have the phone number of your hotel?"

She seemed surprised. "Of course he has. I gave it to him the first day."

"It would seem to me that it's his turn to call you."

She thought it over.

"You're right. Besides, he may already be on his way here."

And she came with me to the table.

That afternoon she packed her bag. No news from the fiancé. At dinner-time there had still been no phone call from Zurs. The Flemish girl was nervous. After the meal she went back to the phone booth.

Upon her return she looked at me strangely. "He's taken the five o'clock express."

"To come here?"

"For Brussels. An urgent business matter has come up."

"He's going to make a very sober husband," I said. "None of this pleasure before business."

I saw that she was upset, ready to burst into tears. I felt ashamed of my unkindness.

"I'm very sorry," I said, "that I stopped you this morning..."

I was really sincere and she realized it.

"That's all right. It doesn't matter. We have our whole life before us," she said, softly.

I wanted her to forgive me completely.

"Before we take leave of each other, may I offer you something to drink?"

She accepted, and although she was generally sober, gulped down several glasses of champagne. Instead of raising her spirits, the wine seemed to make her pensive. She seemed touched by my attentiveness.

I did not get her drunk, believe me. In fact, the wine that she did drink had no bearing on her decision except, perhaps, to hasten it. She made it as the hotel manager came over to us.

"I now have a room available right here if you're interested," he told us.

"We'll think about it," I said.

When he left, I took the hand of the forsaken Judy. "What have you decided to do?" I squeezed her strong white hand gently as if to control her answer — at least, I let her know, now, what I wanted to do, if she had any doubt!

She hesitated for a long time as she looked deep into my eyes. "I leave it up to you." Her voice was low, almost a whisper.

I knew. Gladly, trying to keep my eagerness to myself, I said, "I'd hate to leave that room where we've been so happy."

She averted her gaze and blushed slightly. "Me, too."

We did not leave it. We remained in Saint-Anton for another week. Not once did we speak about her fiancé. There was no need to speak. Because that very night — a night that began early — we moved the beds to a different position. We placed them side by side. Which is how they should have been in the first place.



"Why Mr. Smith . . . I ought to slap your face!"

The Trouble With Women . . .

(Continued from page 59)

In the old days, a woman was always ready to do something useful if she had a little time on her hands. Knit, or crochet, or pull the plough, or something constructive like that. Now, she wants a floor show if she has only a short wait between trains. She smokes, she buys a book which she doesn't read, she paces, she telephones people. One thing she simply cannot do, and that is to wait.

Same thing on dates. Wottle we do to-night? You may have thought that being together was going to be fun enough. Hell, no. Point one: you gotta have a car to take her somewhere, preferably at quite a distance. Point two: you gotta be dressed up so that the joint can be expensive and you won't disgrace her. Point three: something's gotta be happening there, starting with a juke box and ranging all the way to a floor show and roulette wheel. The point being that women are really empty up there. Floor shows were invented to keep them busy. Men don't really want to watch dancing and listen to jokes when they're with some doll they want to talk to. But she does. Bless their greedy little hearts, they have to be busy every minute — just so long as it isn't something useful. They're lazy.

Women throw up a huge smoke

screen about their activities. What a tough day they had! First they drive hubby to the station. Then it's quite a lot of trouble to take off blouse and slacks and go back to bed for a snooze.

And housework! Telling the maid where to dust is simply exhausting. Turning the switch on the dishwasher is really tough going, too. And as for

shopping — well, it surely does take a lot out of a woman to pick up the phone, order the groceries, and then take the long walk to the door when the delivery man arrives.

And cooking, too. That's tough. The meat is put in the oven until it turns brown. The vegetables are put in hot water until they're soft. The dessert is kept in the icebox, just as nice as when she bought it out of the freezer at the supermarket.

Do you actually know a woman who has kept at any one thing over a period of time? She'll move furniture that a gang of 300 pound men would balk at — but she won't even put your shirts in your drawer in such a way that the collars won't roll back when you open it. She'll write you one letter a mile long, and never again allude in any way to the thousand and one things that were mentioned in it and need further discussion.

It's because women are fundamentally lazy. They wear themselves out with an endless series of easy little tasks, and complain about it, but never, never will tackle one solid useful job that might take a certain amount of sustained effort, but with a good result in view. That they leave for the man — and save their own strength for telling him how to do it.

NOVELIST'S CONFESSION

After Thomas Moore

The time I've spent in weeing

In watching end pursuing

The light that lies

In women's eyes

Kept me my nails a-chewing.

Though trouble they have

brought me,

And some have almost shot me,

Just take some looks

Into this book,

And see how much they've

tought me.

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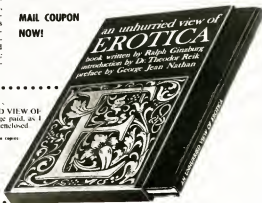
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THE mental patient in the Army hospital thought he was a doctor. Since he was harmless, the psychiatrists decided to humor him. They gave him a white coat and a stethoscope and the patient happily went around diagnosing the ailments of the other patients, the nurses, and anyone else he happened to meet.

One day a Colonel came in for his annual checkup and mistook the patient for a real doctor. "Take off your clothes," said the patient, "and lie down on your stomach. First I've got to take your temperature."

The Colonel did as he was told and then the nut went on his way, soon forgetting all about him.

A quarter of an hour later the Colonel was still lying on his belly and fuming because his "doctor" hadn't returned. A medical orderly walked into the room and asked the Colonel what he was doing?

"Can't you see?" barked the Colonel. "I'm having my temperature

taken."

"With a daffodil?" said the orderly.

There's a small town in Texas that had 176 inhabitants in 1930. In 1940 this figure had remained unchanged and it was the same in 1950. Recently the census taker again found 176 inhabitants. The reason is that every time a baby is born, some man has to leave town.

Business Note

Harry and Simon were talking over their problems. "Business is terrible," said Harry. "The January sales were so lousy I had to go back ten years to find such a bad month. February was even worse. I had to go back twelve years. March was a real catastrophe. I had to go back twenty years to find a month that was so poor."

"You think you have worries?" said Simon. "Listen to this. I put my son through medical school. It cost me a fortune. Then I equipped an office for

him. Another small fortune. About a week after he began practicing I dropped in on him. There was no one in the waiting room so I walked right into the office. There was my son in the nude on the examining table with another nude fellow. Did you ever hear of anything worse?"

"Yes," said Harry. "April."

There are four types of brassieres: American, Salvation Army, Russian, and Atomic.

The American bra makes mountains out of molehills.

The Salvation Army bra raises the fallen.

The Russian bra uplifts the masses.

And the Atomic bra has fifty percent fallout.

Employment Report

Cuties Inhibitionless
Are not long positionless.

A lover's spat?
Each arouses tit for tat.

To suitor handsome, richly heeled,
The upright gal is prone—to yield.

The old rooster was no longer able to fulfill his barnyard duties and so the farmer decided it was time to make a change. Young Rooster was a pretty nice bird and apologized to Old Rooster for taking his job away from him. "That's all right," said Old Rooster. But I wonder if you'd do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked Young Rooster.

"There are twenty six hens here and they've always thought very highly of me. When I leave I want to do so in a blaze of glory. So I want us to race around the barnyard three times with me staying just ahead of you. That way those hens will think I'm still pretty good."

Young Rooster agreed to this and they started running madly around the barnyard, Old Rooster in front and Young Rooster at his heels. Just then the farmer came to the barnyard with a friend. He saw what was going on and shot Young Rooster dead. "It's the darndest thing," he said, "but this is the third queer bird I've had to get rid of this week."

Brigitte Bardot



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